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SCRUTINY

A Quarterly Review

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VALEDICTORY

THIS is the last issue of *Scrutiny*. The decision to come to an end has been only narrowly evaded a number of times before. If anyone had forecast in May, 1932, that the new quarterly would last for twenty years, that would have seemed very improbable. Actually it is more than twenty-one years since the first issue, though the present issue completes only the nineteenth volume. Through the 1930's *Scrutiny* appeared with perfect regularity. With the outbreak of the war the troubles started, and they quickly multiplied. There were difficulties about paper and difficulties at the printing works, and at one time there was a delay of months, caused by the bombing that demolished the adjoining house, narrowly missed the Round Church, and destroyed the music library at the Union. But the main difficulty was that the connexion of collaborators and contributors was dispersed. Demobilization didn't solve that difficulty. The post-war world was a preoccupying and distracting one for those who came back to civilian life (and it has to be remembered that all work for *Scrutiny* has had to be done without payment). Readers who look through the last ten years of the review will note the appearance from time to time of new contributors. But never again was it possible to form anything like an adequate nucleus of steady collaborators.

For *Scrutiny* (perhaps there is no need to say) has never been a hospitable carrier for literary essays. There has never been a *Scrutiny* orthodoxy, but there has certainly been a *Scrutiny* conception of the function of criticism at the present time, together with a corresponding one of the proper spirit of a critical quarterly. And if, holding that each number must be something more than a miscellany, you at the same time exact a high standard of work, you will not in the most favourable circumstances find that there is a large choice of suitable contributors.

When *Scrutiny* started it depended on a group of collaborators who were for the most part young research students. In the immediate background was *Fiction and the Reading Public*, representing a new realization of the cultural crisis to which any serious effort to perform the function of criticism must be addressed. Further (chronologically) in the background was the *Calendar of Modern Letters*, the last impressive offer, it seemed to us, to make an intelligent critical organ maintain itself by dint of its intelligence and its liveliness. For though we didn't anticipate the positively hostile non-recognition of our existence that, together with the steady encouragement of what may be called the Auden ethos and

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milieu, was to characterize the *Criterion* for the remainder of its existence, we hadn't judged the *Criterion* to be anything but a depressing failure to justify its name.

To attempt to serve the critical function in this spirit, of course, must be to incur enmity in both the literary and the academic worlds. Early on, a powerful personage in the realm of English studies was reported as saying: '*Scrutiny* is very alarming'. If *Scrutiny* was alarming, that was not because of any power or position or financial backing enjoyed by its promoters. They had no money to lose, and they knew that they must make the review pay in the face of a marked lack of encouragement from the ruling influences, both literary and academic. And it was not by marshalling or drawing upon any corps of established writers that they made *Scrutiny* alarming. They trained themselves, and found, and largely trained, their own recruits. The relation of *Scrutiny* to the *Calendar*, and the lines on which it seemed to us that a new attempt to vindicate the critical function must be conducted, are described in the introduction to *Towards Standards of Criticism*, a selection of work from the *Calendar* (the introductory essay is reprinted in *The Importance of Scrutiny*, Eric Bentley's volume of *Scrutiny* essays and reviews).

If the academic world had been less inimical to the kind of enterprise (surely a very desirable kind by any defensible conception of an ancient university), these efforts would have resulted in the formation of a continuing centre of life, giving *Scrutiny* the conditions for an assured permanence. But of course—almost, one has to say, inevitably—things were different. Librarians all over the world have long been pleading and searching and competing for back-numbers in order to complete their sets. Successful academics have been able to write their successful books because of what they have found in *Scrutiny*, or in books the substance of which first appeared there. (Certain recent cases of the normal tacit denial of indebtedness where indebtedness is peculiarly heavy are notorious, and perhaps not only among undergraduate observers—and it may be put on record that contributors to other journals have been reporting for years the editorial excision from their contributions of acknowledgments to *Scrutiny* authors and of references to *Scrutiny*.) It has often been suggested that since *Scrutiny* has an established classical status and the back-numbers are out-of-print, the run of volumes should be reprinted. But, in the university that produced *Scrutiny*, overt recognition of its existence (the conclusion is unavoidable) is still bad form, the existence itself being so deplorable.

As for the literary world, a rich subject awaits some (probably American) researcher: the discrepancy between the official or conventionally agreed valuation of *Scrutiny* and the evidence of a decisive influence exerted. The *Times Literary Supplement* by itself, in this respect, would afford a revealing study. There is an account of a conversation with a very eminent and influential man of letters that gives the moral climate very well. *Tête-à-tête* with an

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inquiring young visitor, he expressed a superlatively high opinion of *Scrutiny*: 'There has been nothing so good'. When it was suggested to him that some public expression of such an estimate would, in the past, undoubtedly have made a lot of difference, and might even now help, he replied: 'The time is not yet ripe'. Well, *Scrutiny* has now come to an end, so that, whatever consequences the process of ripening may bring, the promoted continuance of *Scrutiny* won't be one of them.

The discrepancy was illustrated again in *Scrutiny's* relations with the British Council, which is financed to promote British culture in the world at large. Workers for the Council in the field testify that they have found *Scrutiny* irreplaceable for their purposes; they have got up their lectures from it (from what other source could they have done that?), and they have been able, by producing it, to convince intelligent foreigners that there *was* a contemporary British literary culture. British Council headquarters cannot but have known the service performed, and the high prestige enjoyed, by *Scrutiny* in all the centres of British Council activity abroad. But all the authority of the Council has been given, in its publications and its export of personalities, to endorsing and imparting the valuations of that social-literary milieu for which *Scrutiny* has been an offence to be ignored and, if possible, suppressed.

When *Scrutiny* did—by way of proof that there was no discrimination against it—get a mention in one of those *Surveys*, it was as being devoted to 'the methodical and uncompromising destruction of reputations'; with such ease could the sustained creative work of positive valuation and revaluation over the whole range of English literature, the work found so indispensable by the Council's representatives, be authoritatively dismissed. Yet the Council found itself sponsoring the export of *Scrutiny* on a considerable scale. And the piquant fact may be once more recalled: first we were asked to supply 'spare' copies free, and then, when we replied that there *were* no spare copies, we were offered half-price. The working of bureaucratic machinery?—no doubt. And when you have millions of the public money to dispense in the interests of British culture you must economize in the right places.

If there is any profit to be got out of these ironies of history it depends on the history's being put on record. That is the reason for this amount of reminiscence.

The reason for insisting on the fact of *Scrutiny's* decisive influence is that only so can this valedictory note be a cue for anything but depression. Disinterested and grounded judgment, unequivocally expressed, will tell, however resented and penalized—will tell, if only a *pied-à-terre* can be established from which to put it into currency: that is the moral.

It will hardly be taken for an optimistic one. Where now is the *pied-à-terre* to be found? Conditions were adverse enough twenty years ago; they are very much worse to-day. One's sanguine imagination could run to ideas of a small but critically

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active public that would have at any rate some centres in universities (and if not in universities, where?). Without such a public how can the system that for *its* centre has the B.B.C. receive any check or challenge? But who in a university nowadays sees any harm in the literary influence of the B.B.C.? And what lecturer in an 'Arts' department cannot aspire, he also, not only to broadcast, but to review for the dominant weekly, or one of the culture-bearing Sunday papers? Where, then, shall we look for the effective centres of that indispensable public, the informed and disinterested key-public without which the appeal to mature standards cannot be made, or remains a mere offensive breach of manners on the part of the critic?

It is a disturbing question. Let this, however, stand on record: *Scrutiny* lasted for more than twenty years, and has not had to stop for any lack of a supporting public. Without any but the most occasional and minimal advertising revenue it has always, after the earliest days, paid its way, and its circulation has been rapidly expanding. And there has been a sense in which its very success has told against it: the writers it has trained, their value recognized, have been in request elsewhere.

The intellectuals of literary journalism will not make public lament for *Scrutiny*. But they will not be unaffected by the loss. At one time the lag with which the perceptions and promptings put into currency by this review percolated to the world of literary fashions was six or seven years. Of late, as anyone who looks at the weeklies and listens to the Third Programme must have observed, the effect has been telling much more rapidly.

But this is the moment for the parting salute; a sad moment, many times postponed, but now an inevitable one. We have carried on, without secretary, without business-manager, without publicity manager, and without publicity, for two full decades. It may perhaps—the recall of following lines will halt itself at a proper point—be permissible to conclude with

Say not the struggle naught availeth. . .

F.R.L.

The distributors, Messrs. Deighton, Bell and Co., Ltd., will see about returning the unexhausted portions of subscriptions.

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CRASHAW AND 'THE WEEPER'

CRASHAW'S extravagances are all but proverbial. Those authors who still essay the Johnsonian touch (without Johnson's excuses) in a supercilious parade of metaphysical excesses frequently use him as a main clause in their indictment, and we are told that Donne, Herbert and Marvell are inconsiderable poets because their conception of imagery was one that could result in the bizarrerie of

> Two walking baths; two weeping motions;
> Portable, and compendious oceans.

Again, there has perhaps been some inclination, even among the enlightened, to use him unthinkingly as a whipping-boy, one upon whom dispraise can be so entailed as to allow his fellows to go free. And even so sympathetic and perceptive an exponent of the Metaphysicals as Sir Herbert Grierson, though he avoids this inequity, and notes that Crashaw's imagery is not Donne's ('His conceits are more after the confectionery manner of the Italians than the scholastic or homely manner of the followers of Donne'), can find little more to say of his poetry than that it has 'two of the supreme qualities of great lyric poetry, poetry such as that of Shelley and Swinburne, ardour and music'—equivocal praise indeed when we think of the kind of ardour that Shelley usually professes, or the giddy, hollow 'music' in Swinburne.

It seems to me that Crashaw deserves a stricter attention than this, and that in many ways too exclusive a concern with what is startling in his imagery has hindered his critics from discussing the more significant questions that his poems suggest. There would appear to be some justification, then, for taking one of his poems and, in a close examination, using it to suggest what those further questions might be and how they would have to be decided. This is what I wish to undertake here. Such an examination is bound in the nature of the case to be tentative—Crashaw is not, in my experience, an easy poet to write about—but it is an exploratory venture that has already been too long delayed. A good deal has been written on the nature and derivation of Crashaw's poetry, and much of it interesting, but there seems to have been little attempt to assess his work qualitatively, especially in relation to the other Metaphysicals. I take my warrant accordingly and shall try not to abuse it.

Despite anthological insistence on *Wishes To His (Supposed) Mistresse* and the popularity of a *tour de force* like *Musicks Duell*—they are both, I think, very charming and very slight—it is as a religious poet that we think of Crashaw, and if we purpose to con-

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sider a poem that will be thoroughly typical of his work as a whole it had better be one from the *Steps To The Temple* or *Carmen Deo Nostro* volumes. The obvious choice seems to be *The Weeper*, which is found in both and in which the offending couplet quoted above appears. And certainly we have some kind of advantage here, as against other possible choices, in that we come instantly upon the kind of imagery that has been boggled over by the poet's readers, a fact which allows us to discuss it and get it out of the way:

> Hail, sister springs!
> Parents of syluer-footed rills!
> Euer bubling things!
> Thawing crystall! snowy hills,
> Still spending, neuer spent! I mean
> Thy fair eyes, sweet MAGDALENE!

Confronted by the first stanza it is convenient to begin with the common reaction, that it is preposterous, or at best extraordinary. Springs that are sisters and yet parents too (is it then, we often ask in astonishment, conjointly?), 'things' that are 'bubling', inexhaustibly thawing snowcaps—by what esemplastic feat are items like these to be reconciled with one another, or with the flat assurance that the weeper's eyes are 'fair'? But at once we are involved in another current of imagery which, starting (for Crashaw) quietly enough, soon gathers the boisterous momentum to outdo anything that has gone before:

> Heauens thy fair eyes be;
> Heauens of euer-falling starres.
> 'Tis seed-time still with thee
> And starres thou sow'st, whose haruest dares
> Promise the earth to counter shine
> Whateuer makes heaun's forhead fine.
>
> But we'are deceiued all.
> Starres indeed they are too true;
> For they but seem to fall,
> As Heaun's other spangles doe.
> It is not for our earth & vs
> To shine in Things so pretious.
>
> Vpwards thou dost weep.
> Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream.
> Where th' milky riuers creep,
> Thine floates aboue; & is the cream.
> Waters aboue th' Heauns, what they be
> We'are taught best by thy TEARES & thee.
>
> Euery morn from hence
> A brisk Cherub somthing sippes
> Whose sacred influence
> Addes sweetnes to his sweetest Lippes.
> Then to his musick. And his song
> Tasts of this Breakfast all day long.

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Coleridge's comment on the kind of expression that we have here is well known and, I am afraid, all too representative:

> 'Who but must regret that the gift of selection and, of course, rejection, had not been bestowed on this sweet poet in some proportion to his power and opulence of invention'.[1]

In it, and in other comments like it, we find the effort to believe that extravagance of Crashaw's sort is simply the outcome of deficiency, a deficiency of judgment or taste such that, had it not existed, the poet would easily and willingly enough have purged his imagery of its excesses. But how, if we take the trouble to return to the text like this, and face it squarely, is it possible to suppose any such thing? To set down effects like these to inadvertence or indecision is surely tantamount to calling the poet an imbecile, a suggestion which a sympathetic apologist would himself be the first to repudiate. The judgment, an odd coincidence of benevolence and timidity, is palpably absurd for what strikes us most forcibly as we read is the deliberate, premeditated violence of the imagery—the determination, so to speak, that it has to *be* extravagant. It is extravagant even by Metaphysical standards, as we have only to turn to Marvell's *Eyes and Tears* (a poem perhaps influenced by it) to see:

> So *Magdalen*, in Tears more wise
> Dissolv'd those captivating Eyes,
> Whose liquid Chaines could flowing meet
> To fetter her Redeemers feet.

This we might well call the normal extravagance of Metaphysical imagery: I mean an extravagance that is largely illusory, and sensed more as a departure from the familiar idiom of the nineteenth century than as anything very surprising in itself. Marvell is following the usual identification of Mary Magdalene with the 'woman in the city' who 'stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head', and the idea of the tears 'fettering' Christ's feet is accordingly hardly more bold, in the way of metaphor, than a phrase like 'the bonds of friendship'. It takes up, in a quite natural way, the obvious implications of Luke's text: 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much . . .'. Crashaw's imagery on the other hand is quite clearly not derived from any such familiar scene as this, and indeed to visualize it at all, however mistily, is next to impossible. It cannot in fact be sensuously apprehended at all, whether visually or otherwise. There is just enough of the empirical in the fancy of the weeper's tears floating like cream on the milky streams of Heaven to set up a strong tension with the already abrupt and startling 'Vpwards thou dost weep'; and how the imagination is to accept a

[1] *Coleridge's Miscellaneous Criticism* ed. T. M. Raysor (Cambridge Mass. 1936) p. 278.

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bosom that *drinks*, except as a deliberate inversion of what we should expect, I do not know. We find ourselves asking what conceivable deficiency would account for 'lapses' so radical and complete. And as soon as we look at the different versions of the poem, and find that (for example) 'Two weeping baths' and so on was actually a later addition to it, probably added ten years after the first version, the absurdity becomes even more patent. It is difficult to conceive of any poet worth the name who could add so positive a challenge to a poem already so challenging in anything like a casual or careless spirit; and to imagine a poet like Crashaw doing it is sheerly impossible. Whatever else it shows *Musicks Duell* should at least show that he was highly conscious of his artifices, and quite incapable of falling into this kind of nonchalance.

This of course, though it is something better than Coleridge's reaction, does not take us very far. Though we agree that the imagery is what it is by design, not accident, we still have little to adduce as to the spirit in which it is presented or the effect for which it was designed. The question is obviously crucial, and to close the door upon it, as so many scholars do, by subsuming it under the factual question of Marino's influence on Crashaw, or Hermannus Hugo's or Remond's, clearly will not do. That such influences did exist a glance at Crashaw's editor's excellent *Commentary* will quickly disclose; but to leave the matter there is to beg the question altogether, since what we have done is only to rephrase it. We no longer ask 'Why did Crashaw write like this?' but 'Why did Crashaw follow Marino etc. in writing like this?', and the answer is as far away as ever. Strictly speaking, indeed, the only way to arrive at an answer is by a meticulous and sensitive perusal of *The Weeper* itself: that must, in any case, be the acid test for any answer that is proposed. But I want for the moment, before returning to Crashaw, to turn aside to Donne and to recall two aspects of the imagery found in his poems that seem germane here. No doubt Sir Herbert Grierson is right when he points to differences between the two poets, yet certain qualities and attitudes they surely have in common and it is not necessarily the best kind of approach to put the emphasis on Crashaw's 'confectionery manner' and familiarity with foreign literature. Herbert learned from Donne, and Crashaw from Herbert, and to align Crashaw with his English compeers seems to me a more just and natural procedure than to treat him as an expatriated exotic who wrote in a private and Italianate idiom of his own.

Perhaps the simplest example in Donne of the first quality I have in mind is the familiar *Song*:

> Goe, and catche a falling starre,
> Get with child a mandrake roote,
> Tell me, where all past yeares are,
> Or who cleft the Divels foot,
> Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
> Or to keep off envies stinging,

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And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

The suggestion is, it will be remembered, that to find a woman 'true and faire' is at least as difficult as any of the performances in this catalogue, and I think it is plain that this use of hyperbole is quite as deliberate as any use of the bizarre in Crashaw—merely prepense 'extravagance' of another kind. But Donne's purpose is much plainer than Crashaw's, I feel, being fairly frankly divulged in the shift from one kind of impossibility at the beginning ('catche a falling starre') to a quite distinct kind of (quasi-) impossibility ('keep off envies stinging') at the end. We cannot ascribe the shift to inadvertence or poverty of invention: obviously the poet could have added several dozen more items of the first kind without straining himself. What has dictated the shift is clearly the wish to set, as it were, a more obvious key-signature for the reader, to indicate the sort of tone with which the poet is speaking; and that, as the last four lines show, is a tone of light-hearted and mocking cynicism. Nor should we make the mistake of supposing that the mockery is directed simply at Man's propensity for envy, society's habit of rewarding the undeserving, or indeed Woman's inconstancy either: the extravagance of the hyperbole should warn us that it is not. It is himself that Donne is mocking, quite as much as anything else, and this irony extends over the whole poem, qualifying and defining the attitude which, for its present purpose, he has elected to assume. We have no excuse for observing, when we have finished reading, 'How immature and categorical an attitude to take up towards a whole sex!' for it is part of the purpose of the poem to say it first. And indeed it is not so much a general comment on women as on the diet of love-poetry on which the previous age had fed, a diet which it was a part of Donne's purpose to replace by something more solid and nutritious.

We may assume then, on the evidence of this example—which any reader of Donne or Herbert or Marvell will agree is not exceptional—that it is not always the function of Metaphysical imagery to create images, whether visual or otherwise: we are not under any compulsion here to bring the items in the catalogue into a sharp focus. Rather it seems to take effect as a tone of the spoken voice would do, as a means of conveying to us the purpose for which, and the spirit in which, the poem's assertions are made. And that is my first point. But (to come at once to the second) we notice also that it is not only in the more flippant of his poems that Donne makes use of this ironic, hyperbolic, self-deprecatory imagery, and that quite often it figures in a poem that would seem in other respects to be perfectly serious, even grave. We find it in *Twicknam Garden*—

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your mistresse Teares at home,
For all are false, that tast not just like mine;

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we find it in the quizzical dejection of the *Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day*—

> For I am every dead thing,
> In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
> For his art did expresse
> A quintessence even from nothingnesse,
> From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
> He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
> Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not

—and we even find something like (but different from) it in the Holy Sonnets, as when Donne pleads with Christ to reveal his spouse

> Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
> When she'is embrac'd and open to most men.

It is indeed an inveterate and familiar ingredient in the poetry of the time, but one that is still so generally uncongenial to our habits of thought, and of feeling, that our attempts to pinpoint its cause (and I need not observe that they have been many) all seem somehow peripheral. Or rather, having applied ourselves with due flexibility and intentness, and having come to terms with it for a time, we all too easily find our attitude congealing, our response becoming forced. And then we find ourselves saying that it is simply an ability to be serious and flippant about one subject at one time, or that it is a matter of cheerfulness breaking in, and we know at once (or should know) that we have lost the adjustment and must go through the whole process again to recover it. Essentially, I suppose, it *is* the ability to be serious and flippant—or rather, not owlishly earnest —about one subject at one time. But when we put it like that to ourselves we usually find that we are conceiving the two attitudes as independent of each other, a feat rather like (and just as unnatural as) that of the equestrian galloping round the ring with each foot on a separate horse. And the conception is reflected in our habit of alluding to the heterogeneous or disparate elements that are 'yoked together' in the poetry. Yet it is obvious as soon as we turn back to the poems concerned, both from their nature and from their mere quantity, that this is right off the mark and that no such fission can be predicated. There is a wholeness and integrity about the achievement which it is folly for us to call in question, if only for the reason that we do not share it: it is never with us, as it was with these poets, instinctive and natural, but always the product of a conscious effort to recreate the poetry for ourselves. We can indeed, I believe, recreate it; but the recreation demands a humility and an effort which will not coexist with any confidence that we have there, on tap within us, the ability to recreate at will and at once. It is for these reasons that the phrase of Mr. Eliot's youth, the 'dissociation of sensibility', though it has met with some criticism of late, still seems to me essentially a valid and useful one. It should warn us, as no other terse reminder perhaps can, that there is the intermediate heritage of later poetry lurking in all of us, and that

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we cannot afford to assume that our response to Donne and his fellows is invariably spontaneous or fluent. We have to construct it, and we have to be scrupulous in the construction.

Such caveats may well seem unnecessary in the case of a poet like Donne: if they are of course the credit must go to those who have patiently worked at the evaluation of his poetry over the years. But I think they are helpful in the case of Crashaw, who is still comparatively unfamiliar, and that they can assist us in making the sort of distinctions which seem necessary to any just appraisal of his work. And at this point it seems advisable to return to the first stanza of *The Weeper*, to look again at the kind of extravagance that it appears to present:

> Hail, sister springs!
> Parents of syluer-footed rills!
> Euer bubling things!
> Thawing crystall! snowy hills
> Still spending, neuer spent! I mean
> Thy fair eyes, sweet MAGDALENE!

Reading it again we feel at once, I think, that our earlier reaction was a little too pat, and that no esemplastic feat is necessary, or even desirable, for a properly ordered reponse to the lines as written. The individual images, the springs, parents and so on, are not realized concretely and they remain distinct from each other in very much the same fashion as the falling star, mandrake root and the rest do in Donne's *Song*. These exuberant exclamations cannot be fused with each other, nor need we suppose they were intended to be. For it is through their very effect of heterogeneity, of being pounced upon almost at random, that Crashaw implies the nature of the coherence that they possess; and that coherence is clearly one of tone rather than one of the sensuous or apprehensible resemblances between them. Whatever looseness or confusion they seem to evidence is thus integral to their effect and we do wrong to set it down to incompetence or carelessness in the poet's control of the images. The tone is jubilant, impulsive, rapturously incoherent—indeed (to return to our earlier word with a rather different emphasis) extravagant—and the imagery has been deliberately accommodated to it. The images furnish impressions only of a kaleidoscopic briefness, that is true; but it is proper that they should, for it is not to the impressions themselves that we are directed but rather to the urgency, the precipitancy and ebullience with which they come and through which they are glimpsed.

It may be that some readers, while agreeing that this is so, will nevertheless feel that there is still some sort of deficiency in the stanza quoted, a certain hollowness or looseness in the emotion expressed. I shall come back to this in due course but for the present it is right that we should remind ourselves how very difficult a form of communication it is that the poet has elected to attempt. In saying this I do not intend an allusion merely to Johnson's attitude: 'Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many

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authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please . . . Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical'. Few of us to-day feel quite so confident that it cannot (though I believe we can understand and sympathize with Johnson's reasons for saying so) and, though we readily perceive the difficulties into which some poets—Milton for example[2]—have plunged themselves, we are bound to give due weight to the successes that other poets like Donne and Herbert and Hopkins have been able to achieve. It is not here that Crashaw's problem becomes most formidable, but rather in the nature of the emotions he has chosen to express. They are so general, so inclusive, that they hardly seem to be susceptible of treatment in poetry at all—at any rate with much success. Admittedly we may be inclined to limit them, to appeal to biography and to say that it was a specific kind of joy that he was celebrating, the joy of release from a dour and inexorable faith into what even a non-Catholic can recognize as a more compassionate and placable one. Granted that his closing years can hardly have been very pleasurable we can yet see that to one of his temperament they must have brought a great sense of deliverance from the contentious and intolerant near-Puritanism of his father, as he must have remembered it from his earliest, formative years. And it is tempting to apply Sir Herbert Grierson's general comment on his poetry to the single poem we have been considering:

> 'In Crashaw's poetry, as in the later poetry of the Dutch Vondel, a note is heard which is struck for the first time in the seventeenth century, the accent of the convert to Romanism, the joy of the troubled soul who has found rest and a full expansion of heart in the rediscovery of a faith and ritual and order which give entire satisfaction to the imagination and affections'.[3]

But Crashaw became a Catholic at some time between 1643 and 1646, and the first version of *The Weeper* must have been written by 1635, so that, unless we are to rewrite Sir Herbert's comment applying it to the High Anglicanism of Peterhouse and Little St. Mary's, this will not take us far. And indeed when we return to the poem and examine it we see that in any case it would be difficult to maintain that the joy expressed in it was in any way circumscribed or particular. As we have seen, the imagery tells a different

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[2]Milton's difficulties come out very clearly in his treatment of God who, as Waldock has noted, is at times reduced to the stature of 'a military martinet whose hobby is drill'. See the admirable section in Waldock's *Paradise Lost and its Critics* (Cambridge 1947) pp. 97-106. I might add that even when God appears in a pleasanter light (as for instance during the colloquy with Adam in Book VIII) it is at the cost of becoming avuncular—'human' in a way which, agreeable in itself, is for Milton's purposes unfortunate.

[3]*Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century* (Oxford 1936) p. xlvi.

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story—tends, indeed, to lose what particularity it itself has in the general onrush of the verse, reducing itself to a rather cloudy blur.

Our general feeling about the poem so far is thus, I should say, one of guarded—perhaps 'apprehensive' would be better—admiration. Crashaw is handling his imagery as a device for establishing tone, as we have agreed, and so far with some success; but at the same time we are bound to sense the ticklish nature of the undertaking: to present to us, by strictly poetical means, the glow of a joy that is, as it were, absolute and uncircumscribed. And here we should look again at stanzas four and five:

> Vpwards thou dost weep.
> Heaun's bosome drinks the gentle stream.
> Where th'milky riuers creep,
> Thine floates aboue; & is the cream.
> Waters aboue th' Heauns, what they be
> We'are taught best by thy TEARES & thee.
>
> Euery morn from hence
> A brisk Cherub somthing sippes
> Whose sacred influence
> Addes sweetnes to his sweetest Lippes.
> Then to his musick. And his song
> Tasts of this Breakfast all day long.

Here too, I think we can see, the comparison with Donne is one that needs to be made if we are not to reject the imagery too peremptorily—I mean the comparison that was implied by our discussion of the self-deprecatory hyperbole which, even in his graver poems, Donne sometimes uses. Certainly we can admit that Crashaw is not being noticeably grave here, but we must also admit that he would not have thought of his subject as being in any sense trivial or frivolous. Yet the imagery tends to have a certain frivolity or whimsicality about it, and rightly so, for through it we receive an impression that is subtler and more convincing than mere sententiousness or mere frivolity could ever be. We feel the force of the exuberant enthusiasm but we are aware too that it is not only exuberant, and that it retains the capacity to criticize itself, or at least eye itself askance. The effect may be rhapsodic but it is the rhapsody of an interesting mind, one that can surrender without therefore abandoning its lucidity. We see too that it is a mind that seems to understand the technique that it is using, and can prepare for the bold assertion 'Vpwards thou dost weep' by contriving, in the previous stanza, to suggest uncertainty and hesitation:

> But we'are deceiued all.
> Starres indeed they are too true;
> For they but seem to fall,
> As Heaun's other spangles doe.
> It is not for our earth & vs
> To shine in Things so pretious.

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We find ourselves wondering, as we read, how these qualifications are to be resolved and the blunt paradox 'Vpwards thou dost weep', catching us off balance, tends to get a readier acceptance than in another context it would have got.

But it is with this contention, that Crashaw understands and can regulate his own imagery, that we come upon a critical question that cannot be burked. I have tried to approach it fairly, by allowing that the images are there to serve the purposes of tonality rather than delineatory vividness, and by giving due weight to the (for us) unfamiliar sort of tone that they suggest, a tone that is interestingly self-appraising. Nevertheless the longer we look at stanzas II-V—with the star-tears growing out of the 'Heauens' that are the weeper's eyes, their upward flight growing out of the falling stars, their creamy nature growing out of their upward flight and the angelic 'Breakfast' growing out of the cream—the longer we look at these things, I say, the more we may be inclined to feel that to speak of the poet's control over his imagery is altogether too sanguine. Would it not be closer to the facts to say that his imagery is controlling *him*? We think of real control, as it appears in Donne for instance: the compasses in the *Valediction* and the poise and sureness of the shadow imagery in the *Lecture upon the Shadow*. Inevitably too we think of Shelley and of that proclivity so well diagnosed in *Revaluation*: 'a general tendency of the images to forget the status of the metaphor or simile that introduced them and to assume an autonomy and a right to propagate, so that we lose in confused generations and perspectives the perception or thought that was the ostensible *raison d'être* of imagery'.

It becomes clear, I think, that all is not quite so sound as we have been trying to believe and that certain characteristics in the imagery, permissible enough in a short poem, may very well, in a poem as long as this, make only for tenuity and paltriness. Nor is there much reassurance when we read on and come to stanza VI:

> Not in the euening's eyes
> When they Red with weeping are
> For the Sun that dyes,
> Sitts sorrow with a face so fair,
> No where but here did euer meet
> Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

Here the imagery has modulated, in the first four lines, into a much more visual mode and it is probably for that reason that the jar in the fourth line is noticeable: sorrow sits, with a fair *face,* in the evening's reddened *eyes*. Our first impulse is, I think, to excuse the image by referring to the custom (as it was then called) of 'looking babies' in another's eyes: 'My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares . . .' But when we look more closely it is difficult to feel that 'sorrow' is sufficiently personified to be capable of being reflected like this. It seems much more of a quality—'sadnesse so sweet'—and 'face' seems to have come in quite gratuitously. A different sort of process from personification seems to have been at work, and

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one that does indeed suggest that the rather clumsy collocation of reddened eyes and a fair face has, in this instance, been an inadvertent rather than a calculated effect. Isn't it simply a case of alliteration taking control of the poet and confusing his imagery?—

Sitts sorrow with a face so fair.

What makes us reasonably sure that it is is Crashaw's evident fondness for this effect and his frequent use of it elsewhere, both in *The Weeper* and in other poems. It is usually used with some subtlety, to be sure, and is not nearly so concerned to draw attention to itself as is the alliteration in a poet like Tennyson. Where in Tennyson we are likely to get a line like

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past

in Crashaw it is more usual to find something of the order of

Vain loues auant! bold hands forbear!

which in its proper context (stanza XVIII of *The Weeper*) hardly registers as alliteration at all. Still, as is usual with devices of this kind, it does, even in Crashaw, in time become mechanical. Some of the later poems, like the *Hymn to the Name Above Every Name* (which is sometimes advanced as one of his best poems), seem to me to rely upon it far too trustingly and indeed to substitute it for the nervous, individual utterance that we have come to expect from a contemporary of Herbert and Marvell:

It is the Hiue,
By which they thriue,
Where All their Hoard of Hony lyes.
Lo where it comes, vpon The snowy DOVE'S
Soft Back; And brings a Bosom big with Loues.
WELCOME to our dark world, Thou
Womb of Day!
Vnfold thy fair Conceptions; And display
The Birth of our Bright Ioyes.
O thou compacted
Body of Blessings: spirit of Soules extracted!
O dissipate thy spicy Powres
(Clowd of condensed sweets) & break vpon vs
In balmy showrs.
O fill our senses, And take from vs
All force of so Prophane a Fallacy
To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee.

That 'face', then, with which sorrow sits in the eyes of evening would seem to be the result of inadvertence rather than of any very definite mirroring. Or rather, to avoid coming too close to Coleridge, it would be better to call it the result of maladvertence, a too complete preoccupation with the mere sound of words at the expense of their meaning. And if we turn to the couplet which I quoted at the outset it is to find ourselves suspecting an analogous propagation,

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one that also shows something of the inbred, non-referential quality of Shelley's images:

> And now where're he strayes,
> Among the Galilean mountaines,
> Or more vnwellcome wayes,
> He's follow'd by two faithful fountaines;
> Two walking baths; two weeping motions;
> Portable, & compendious oceans.

The 'fountaines' here, appropriate as they may be to a barren landscape in which the Lamb is straying, or to the weeping eyes, clearly owe part of their existence to the rhyme and to the f's of 'follow'd' and 'faithful'; and it is they that give rise, in turn, to the metaphors that follow—where, significantly, the traces of alliteration remain. The case is not so clear as that found in stanza VI for, as I have argued, it would be difficult to conceive of a poet like Crashaw introducting imagery so striking without being fully aware that it was striking: there must have been a simultaneous intention to introduce it for its hyperbolic effect, an effect of the inexpressible forcing its way into language and of distortion accordingly. At the same time we can hardly do otherwise than conclude that the verse is manifesting familiar and suspicious habits and that, if this is representative Crashaw, it is well below the standard of representative Donne, or Herbert. The two poets mentioned in Sir Herbert Grierson's commendation seem indeed only too appropriate: where else have we met these habits if not in the poetry of Shelley and Swinburne?

The comparison must, of course, be approached judiciously. Where in Shelley and Swinburne we are aware of moral debilities, the self-pity that impoverishes a good deal of Shelley's work, the vulgar ostentatiousness that nullifies Swinburne's, in Crashaw it is at first difficult to extend our criticisms beyond the field of technique. Again, whereas in Shelley the imagery at least aspires to the referential norm, and attempts to point to and present something beyond itself (so that we are justified in criticizing it for failing to establish proper contact with anything but itself), in Crashaw this is hardly so. The weeper's eyes, and her tears, the referent or tenor of each metaphor (to use the convenient jargon), are not in any sort of close relation with the various analogues or vehicles that are affixed to them—the Heavens, the 'nests of milky doues', the wells and so on to which the eyes are likened; the stars, the dew, the wine which are the tears—and when for a moment the two elements of a metaphor or simile do approach more closely, do begin to interpenetrate, the effect, fine as it is in itself, is also disturbing:

> Such Teares the suffring Rose that's vext
> With vngentle flames does shed,
> Sweating in a too warm bed.

The image is sufficiently realized and vivid, borders closely enough on Coleridge's Imagination, only to leave us dissatisfied with the patently 'Fanciful' collocations that the poem elsewhere offers.

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It is here perhaps that we can safely move beyond considerations of mere technique and arrive at a more significant kind of judgment. We are obliged to admit that the eyes and tears of the weeper have in the poem the function almost of pretexts, that their connection with the imagery that is lavished upon them is at best a tenuous one, and that in consequence the effect is to direct us, not to a relation or fusion (which might well be profound or revealing), but simply to the imagery *per se*. Crashaw's persistent returns to his point of departure, the eyes or the tears, would seem to indicate an awareness on his part that the gap between tenor and vehicle had somehow to be closed, and the imagery forced into some kind of dependence, but they are little more than gestures for at once the images are out of control again, and clamouring to be noticed as and for themselves. Almost any extract will illustrate this, but I choose a fairly obvious one, stanzas IX and X:

> There's no need at all
> That the balsom-sweating bough
> So coyly should let fall
> His med'cinable teares; for now
> Nature hath learn't to'extract a deaw
> More soueraign & sweet from you.
>
> Yet let the poore drops weep
> (Weeping is the ease of woe)
> Softly let them creep,
> Sad that they are vanquish't so.
> They, though to others no releife,
> Balsom maybe, for their own greife.

My point is that it is quite impossible, here, to feel that we are in any real sense still concerned with the tears of the weeper, or even with the poet's reverence for or joy at them. These drops of 'balsom', which in their envy of her teardrops are suffered to grieve for themselves, for their own failure to be her tears rather than what they are, are accorded an attention which altogether distracts us from the essential theme of the poem and it is almost with reluctance that we (and Crashaw) in time return to that theme. It is not, of course, that the theme is in any sense forbidding or uncongenial: in these pages at least one will not be accused of anti-Catholic bias. The fact is simply that here again, as in so many passages in the poem, we have been too involved in something quite different and even inconsonant, so that to return to the theme there is considerable resistance to be overcome. And that something, we realize, was mere ingenuity—an ingenuity which is the more distracting for regarding itself (as it plainly does) as adroit and rather brilliant. Whatever jar we feel occurs in passing from an all but puerile braggadocio of 'wit' to a quite simple mood of adoration:

> We goe to meet
> A worthy object, our lord's FEET.

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Having said as much as this I may at once be accused of contradicting myself, of calling up reminders of the unified sensibility found in this period's poetry only to disregard them myself. There may be a grain of truth in the charge but not, I think, enough to justify it, for the fact is that we are dealing with a poem of nearly two hundred lines in which little more besides this sort of ingenuity is to be discerned. We start out, as I tried to do, with the best of intentions; we allow for images that will be tonal rather than realized; we allow for modes of feeling that will be different from our own. Yet in the end our tolerance is so imposed upon, and the impression we receive is so irresistibly one of figure-skating rather than of any very serious concern with 'the feeling felt', that we are bound, if we are not to reserve judgment altogether and regard the poetry as utterly inaccessible, to come to an adverse conclusion. There is after all so little to balance against the ingenuity, for indeed so little seems to be finally *said*. 'The roses and raptures, the lilies and languors', as Professor Willey puts it, are certainly there but their potency is something less than contextual or contingent and they seem little more than floral ornaments scattered broadcast over the poem, and even over the poet (who, at least, seems chiefly concerned to plait them into strange and unexpected patterns). I do not think that this is a mere extrapolation of twentieth-century attitudes into a poem where they have—so, at least, it is often alleged—no place, for if we turn to another Metaphysical like Donne it is to see at once that in his poetry ingenuity is not (in his serious poems at least: we may exclude pieces like *The Flea*) to be valued as an end in itself. *Aire and Angels* is quite as ingenious as anything in Crashaw, yet it surely makes a point which justifies any amount of ingenuity in presenting it tellingly: love is not a matter of idealization, nor yet mere fleshly concupiscence, but essentially a reciprocal relationship—with everything in the way of tact, sympathy and respect that that involves. And we can understand how a poet like Donne, having made so intimate an admission, should seek at once to brush it aside with a witticism. So too in the *Nocturnall* there is too much emphasis in the concluding lines to allow us to dismiss the poem as an ironic exercise. Yet that, after all, is probably a poem written for a *patron*. Again, if we turn to Herbert, and even to his most notoriously ingenious poem, it is to see at once that the ingenuity is incidental, that in no sense does he rest in it. For who can read *Easter Wings* and remain insensitive to the expansion and resurgence that is felt with the reforming of the line?

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,

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And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Marvell too, though his imagery is much easier to accept than Crashaw's, and sometimes so sensuously vivid as almost to persuade us that it would by itself justify the writing of a poem, is fully aware that it must be kept subservient and secondary, as even a minor poem like the *Bermudas* will show.

He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than *Ormus* show's.
He makes the Figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the Melons at our feet . . .

Fine as they are there is no straining after effect in these lines and the very riches they present are carefully subordinated to the main theme. For it is, throughout the poem, that 'He' Who matters most, and if these tropic fruits appear so delectable it is not for the colour which they confer upon the verse but because they are seen through the eyes of weary refugees, men to whom they are a special kind of benison, as valuable for their source as for their intrinsic quality. In each case we see a poet resisting the temptation (and it can be a strong one) to use the devices of poetry as ends in themselves, to rest in sheer virtuosity. Beside this scrupulous control Crashaw's ebullience and flourishes seem self-conscious to the point of vanity, so that we feel it is not altogether gratuitous to recall his friendship with Cowley—the type almost of the undergraduate prodigy.

To sum up, then, I should say that it is not primarily for the strangeness of his imagery that Crashaw is to be impugned. It is a genuine achievement that he should have been able so frequently to avoid invoking anything like a stock response, that he should lead us into unfamiliar and unusual areas of feeling, and to that extent the strangeness of his imagery is surely justified. We could even say that in this respect he is a better poet than he has been given credit for being. What should concern us, however, is the evident disproportion between the weight of his imagery and the slightness of the theme upon which it is made to depend—a slightness which is the poet's own responsibility and in no sense inherent in the subjects which he chose. I have admittedly dealt only with *The Weeper* but it would be easy enough to show that the weaknesses I have tried to indicate appear elsewhere with some frequency, that they are seemingly inveterate in all but his simpler poems (and there are few of those). Those weaknesses might perhaps be accounted for most benevolently in terms of ineptitude, an inability to master and have charge of the materials and means he chose to use; and certainly the nature of his whole approach discloses ambitions so ample as to indicate that he must have been lacking in proficiency: no imagery we can conceive of could stand the strain of conveying such absolute

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emotions and so rhapsodic a tone for such long periods without breaking down. But even if we take as charitable a view of his work as this we have to admit that Herbert and Donne (I am thinking now of his divine poems) do not make such misjudgments, devout as they also are, and that he cannot rank with them. And if we lean more towards accuracy than charity we have, I am afraid, to admit that it is not only artistry that makes them superior to him, but integrity as well.

JOHN PETER.

'THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL'

IT illustrates the flexibility of Lawrence's art that *The Captain's Doll* should be again quite different in mode from any of the tales we have already considered.[1] Flexibility is strikingly illustrated within the tale itself; for when we examine what we at once note as its distinctive tone it is a very remarkable flexibility that we have to analyse—a sure rightness of touch in conveying the shifts of poise and tone that define an extremely delicate complexity of attitude. The success of *The Ladybird* depends on the maintaining of a grave and noble seriousness, earnestly and prophetically poetic. The immediately relevant point may be made by saying that if Lawrence had always written in the mode of *The Ladybird* the view that he is 'without humour' would not have been as absurd as it is. And *The Fox*, in establishing so perfectly the homely lower-middle-class ordinariness upon which its effect depends, doesn't go in for humour or irony. But that humour and irony and all the liveliness of a refined and highly civilized comedy are to be essential to the mode of *The Captain's Doll* we know at the very outset.

That is given us in the perfection of touch of that opening scene between the Countess Johanna zu Rassentlow and the Baroness Annamaria von Prielau-Carolath—between Hannele and Mitchka. One again we are made to reflect, with a fresh wonder, that never was there a greater master of what is widely supposed to be the novelist's distinctive gift: the power to register, to evoke, life and manners with convincing vividness—evoke in the 'created' living presence that compels us to recognize the truth, strength and newness of the perception it records. To say that he exercises it incomparably over the whole social range doesn't suggest the full marvel. The women in the opening of *The Captain's Doll* are aristocrats and Germans, and these foreign ladies of high birth and breeding are, as such, immediate actual presences for us; they are *there*, in their

[1]This is part of a study of four of the tales.

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intimate encounter, authentic and real beyond question; done—established and defined in our sense of them—by an economy of art that looks like casualness.

In that economy Lawrence's marvellous ear for speech, we note at once, plays a great part. This aspect of his genius is, of course, an aspect of it, and not something separable, a special mimetic gift, as the phrase 'ear for speech' might suggest. The speech that is so irresistibly right, and carries so subtle a charge of significance, testifies to the profundity of the whole perception it registers, the insight it is of a piece with. So Lawrence's ostensible dramatic range is in fact something very remarkable indeed; it is the range of a truly great dramatic poet. There is point, then, in insisting on the more obvious and undeniable manifestations. For we still hear that Lawrence's strength is 'lyrical'; and when we are told, as we so often are, that he is inveterately didactic and prophetic, it is with the most erroneous implications and a limiting intention (had not Carlyle a kind of genius too?). The truth about Lawrence, that his was a triumphantly creative genius of the highest order, is not the commonplace it ought to be.

Here, but for a half-dozen words of German, is the opening of *The Captain's Doll* (coming in the original volume, it should be noted, immediately after *The Fox*—from which Witter Bynner[2] quotes a piece of dialogue to enforce his contention that there is something radically *peasant* in Lawrence, betrayed here in his crude humour):

> 'Hannele did not lift her head from her work. She sat in a low chair under a reading-lamp, a basket of coloured silk pieces beside her, and in her hands a doll, or mannikin, which she was dressing. She was doing something to the knee of the mannikin, so that the poor little gentleman flourished head downwards with arms wildly tossed out. And it was not at all seemly, because the doll was a Scotch soldier in tight-fitting tartan trews.
>
> 'There was a tap at the door, and the same voice, a woman's, calling:
>
> ' "Hannele? "
>
> ' "Ja-a! "
>
> ' "Are you here? Are you alone? " asked the voice, in German.
>
> ' "Yes—come in".
>
> Hannele did not sound very encouraging. She turned round her doll as the door opened, and straightened his coat. A dark-eyed young woman peeped in through the door, with a roguish coyness. She was dressed fashionably for the street, in a thick cape-wrap, and a little black hat pulled down to her ears.
>
> ' "Quite, quite alone! " said the newcomer, in a tone of wonder. "Where is he, then? "
>
> ' "That I don't know", said Hannele.

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[2]Witter Bynner. *Journey with Genius* (Peter Nevill, 18s.).

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' "And you sit here alone, and wait for him? But no! That I call courage! Aren't you afraid? " Mitchka strolled across to her friend.

' "Why shall I be afraid? " said Hannele curtly.

' "But no! And what are you doing? Another puppet? He is a good one, though! Ha-ha-ha! *Him*! It is him! No—no—that is too beautiful, Hannele. It is him—exactly him. Only the trousers".

' "He wears those trousers too", said Hannele, standing her doll on her knee. It was a perfect portrait of an officer of a Scottish regiment, slender, delicately made, with a slight, elegant stoop of the shoulders, and close-fitting tartan trousers. The face was beautifully modelled, and a wonderful portrait, dark-skinned, with a little close-cut dark moustache, and wide-open dark eyes, and that air of aloofness and perfect diffidence which marks an officer and a gentleman'.

How, one may ask, would one know this was Lawrence? There is that last sentence: 'that air of aloofness and perfect diffidence which marks an officer and a gentleman'—one can put one's finger there and say with conviction that only Lawrence could have written that. But it wouldn't be easy to justify the conviction to anyone who should then ask: 'Why do you say that? ' One can of course reply by pointing to just such a use of 'diffidence' elsewhere in Lawrence to describe the air and bearing of a gentleman. But of course it is as clinching the whole description of the doll that those phrases produce the effect that makes one put one's finger down there. And if one asks why every phrase, every touch, in that description—in the whole of the quoted passage, in fact—seems to tell, so that the whole page wonderfully *lives* the life is seen to be very largely a matter of what is revealed in the analysis of the 'tone' (as I have called it): a complexity of total attitude, conveyed in the shifts of expectation and evaluative response—the sympathetic, the amused, the impressed, the critical, the wondering and waiting, and so on—the reader goes through as his attention is carried forward down the page.

If one says that this complexity of attitude, as we take it first, is focussed on the doll, it will be to note that the doll is—and 'is', here, it will be seen, itself gives us a complexity—the Scottish officer, Hepburn (we soon learn his name). Captain Hepburn, then, as he is introduced to us in the opening scene of the tale, is both a doll and impressively a gentleman. The essential tendency of the doll-presentation gets strong explicit emphasis at the very start: the 'poor little gentleman', as the curtain lifts, is revealed in a position and a posture of ludicrous indignity:

'And it was not at all seemly because the doll was a Scotch soldier in tight-fitting tartan trews'.

These are freedoms inconceivable in the world of Count Dionys and Lady Daphne. Yet the officer and gentleman, with his impres-

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sive dignity, is there too. As a presence commanding respect he is strongly established for us in the appreciative description of the doll as portrait: the elegant distinction, the beautiful modelling, the wide-open dark eyes—here is not merely outward distinction, but a personality able to inspire 'a wonderful portrait'. By the time we have the description (which owes some of its life to that fact) he has already been evoked for us as a formidable reality existing in the background. He is certainly formidable, but he is also unknown, unpossessed (no doll) and unplaced: the strong field of force, the tension, of the exchange between the two women refers us to him, and he is qualified to inspire awe in the roguish and elegant young woman (we learn very soon without surprise that she is handsome and an aristocrat) who is *not*, it seems, the one in love with him:

> ' "Quite, quite alone? " said the newcomer, in a tone of wonder. "Where is he, then? "
>
> ' "That I don't know", said Hannele.
>
> ' "And you sit here alone, and wait for him? But no! That I call courage! Aren't you afraid? " Mitchka strolled across to her friend.
>
> ' "Why shall I be afraid? " said Hannele curtly'.

That 'curtly' says a great deal.

To return now to the question raised above: it is the peculiar livingness, of which we have glanced at some of the conditions and manifestations, that tells us the quoted passage is Lawrence—the fresh and easy (it seems) creative, or poetic, power and sensitiveness of the so un-Flaubertian prose, with the unpondered inevitability of its rightness, and the way in which the dialogue, itself so right, works with it. But if what is looked for is something one can put a finger on, to say convincingly, 'There you have Lawrence', a better answer to the question than I first suggested can be found: it is to point, with the commentary they call for, to the 'tight-fitting tartan trews'. They are decidedly, it will be seen, insisted on in the passage quoted. And if we extend the quotation a few lines we have this:

> 'Mitchka bent forward, studying the doll. She was a handsome woman with a warm, dark golden skin and clear black eyebrows over her russet-brown eyes.
>
> ' "No", she whispered to herself, as if awestruck. "That is him. That is him. Only not the trousers. Beautiful, though, the trousers. Has he really such beautiful fine legs?"
>
> 'Hannele did not answer'.

—' "Why shall I be afraid? " said Hannele curtly' : it is the same effect again, with the same significance; Mitchka's question this time, with silence—curtness intensified to that—for an answer, leaves us knowing that the relations between Hannele and the foreign officer have indeed been intimate. But that is not all. The question, 'Has he really such beautiful legs? ', brings us to the distinctively Laurentian significance of the tight-fitting trews.

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I have spoken of the doll as making present a personality such as can inspire a 'wonderful portrait'. That is a proposition to which the artist, Hannele, would no doubt have assented. But the insistence on the tight-fitting trews gives us a clear intimation that the theme of *The Captain's Doll* carries with it a characteristic Laurentian challenge to 'personality'—to the place and valuation of 'personality' in the accepted understanding of personal relations, especially those between a man and a woman. The involvement of 'personality' with 'ideals', 'ideas' and 'will'—that insight is central to the creative preoccupation. And we recognize that the significance of the trews and the legs they insist on is one with the significance of the Laurentian 'body'.[3]

It is a significance that Hannele herself cannot recognize: if she had been capable of recognizing it there would have been no doll. But, obeying an impulse the meaning of which gets its definition in the drama as a whole, she *has* made the doll, and at the same time she has represented the Captain in those tight-fitting trews which are not his normal wear. That there is a pregnant paradox here, a profound contradiction, becomes clear enough when, Mitchka having departed (the departure is wonderfully done), Alexander Hepburn himself enters:

> 'He was like the doll, a tall slender, well-bred man in uniform. When he turned, his dark eyes seemed very wide open'.

We somehow feel the contradiction in this very account: it is as if his being 'like the doll' meant at the same time something very different—as if in some way the suggestion of 'doll' were being annulled. The part of the 'dark eyes . . . very wide open' in this effect lends itself to analysis as we go forward. And the significance of the paradox that acts itself out in the drama can be pointed to here:

> ' "Do you want to see it? " she asked, in natural English.
> ' "Yes" he said.
> 'She broke off her thread of cotton and handed him the puppet. He sat with one leg thrown over the other, holding the doll in one hand and smiling inscrutably with his dark eyes. His hair, parted perfectly on one side, was jet black and glossy.
> ' "You've got me" he said at last, in his amused, melodious voice.
> ' "What? " she said.
> ' "You've got me", he repeated.
> ' "I don't care", she said.
> ' "What—you don't care? " His face broke into a smile. He had an odd way of answering as if he were only half-attending, as if he were thinking of something else'.

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[3] I have discussed this in dealing with *St. Mawr* (see Vol. XVII, No. 1, pp. 43-44).

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His 'You've got me' recognizes the nature of the impulse to make a portrait-doll. But she clearly *hasn't* got him. Her sense in his presence, when she can see him and hear him speak, that what communicates with her through the voice and the dark eyes is something unknown and unpossessable imposes itself on us with compelling force. Troubled and baffled, she rebels, and yet has to reckon with the fact that what she rebels against is what irresistibly attracts her:

> 'He lifted his brows and looked at her. Her heart always melted when he looked straight at her with his black eyes, and that curious, bright unseeing look that was more like second-sight than direct human vision. She never knew what he saw when he looked at her'.

She never knew what *she* saw when she looked at *him*—that, as the last sentence of the quotation intimates, is only one aspect. There is another, a complementary one, though she tends to be much less conscious of it: she too—she betrays her sense of this, even while her attention focusses upon him and it is *his* perception she is thinking of—she too, in her reality, is an unknown, for all the ostensible definitiveness of her outward presence, her face, and her 'personality'. The problem that preoccupies her, and the enactment of which provides the dramatic tension of the tale, is that of determining whether the spell exercised upon her by the man owes its power to reality or illusion. What *is* Alexander Hepburn? The problem has this form too:

> 'And she was heavy and spell-bound, and she loved the spell that bound her. Also she didn't love it'.

And the solution, the *dénouement*, is her tacit recognition of her own deepest desire or need. *The Captain's Doll* gives us her *éducation sentimentale*—if a phrase so bound up with conventional ideas of love will pass here.

For the tale expresses Lawrence's profoundest insights into the relations between men and women, and his accompanying convictions about the nature of a valid marriage, and those insights and convictions challenge established ideas so radically that they are resisted—resistance often taking the form of a refusal, or an inability, to attend to them for what they are. They are resisted by Hannele as she meets them in Alexander Hepburn. He, it must be said at once, is a wholly dramatic *dramatis persona*, and not at all like Lawrence. Nor is he like Count Dionys Psanek—in a work of this mode and intention he couldn't be (the point has in effect, already been made). The inspiration, the *raison d'être*, of *The Captain's Doll* entails the convincing presentment of the Laurentian themes in an action that shall effect us as belonging, not to a poetic-prophetic Sabbath-world, as *The Ladybird* does, but to the every-day reality in which we live, though, unlike *The Fox*, to a milieu of educated and sophisticated people. To have made Hannele's final capitulation credible and right, then, is to have brought off a remarkable creative

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feat: that of making Alexander, with the spell he exercises and the inner reality that validates the demand he makes on her, a compellingly concrete presence.

The Alexander of the 'Alexander doll'—the Alexander who can be doubled in so extraordinary a likeness—is evoked with that characteristic power which should from the outset have made it plain that, if Lawrence's novels and tales weren't immediately intelligible and satisfying, he nevertheless had the genius of a very remarkable novelist. The doll might be taken as representing the kind of treatment of 'character' that the cultivated novel-reader expected, or hoped, to find—and still for the most part does. What more, it might be asked, can a novelist do in the presentment of human beings than produce such likenesses and make them talk (and act) with correspondingly life-likeness? It is because Lawrence's art answers so little to this kind of expectation—because it is so essentially concerned with going below the level of 'personality' and 'character' and so far transcends the customary kind of interest in human life—that it still receives so little understanding and intellectuals can safely betray the blankest incomprehension in print (consider the recent reviews of Witter Bynner's book—and consider the book itself).

The 'dark eyes', in *The Captain's Doll*, do not, as they would in any other writer, give us a trait, a quality, a fascination of personality; they go with the tartan trews (which the Captain himself, in our presence, never wears) and the tartan trews, as it has already been intimated, signalize what is most profoundly and strikingly original in Lawrence's preoccupation. Hannele's complex and varying apprehension of the charm and the speech portends, not romantic love, but her tacit agreement to base her marriage with Alexander on a relation so unlike romantic love as to do violence to accepted Western ideas. This, of course, Hannele doesn't know. What she is aware of is Alexander's odd fascination and its varying effect on her. Our own apprehension of him, to begin with, is wholly hers—which is not to say that we seem not to have direct access: we have him through her shared perceptions with the most convincing immediacy. But as we enact the drama of her wonderment, exasperation, recoil and resubmission, the time comes when our apprehension of him no longer coincides with hers. We perceive, by then, the significance of the doll better than she does. So that our reaction to his proposing marriage while 'leaving aside the question of whether you love me or I love you' is not hers.

But this is to anticipate. It is essential that we should have shared Hannele's fascinated sense of something strange, indefinable, yet supremely real in Alexander Hepburn—the more real because indefinable. And what we have to observe is how we are taken beyond the mere evocation of a glamorous unknownness, so that, though the evoked deep reality behind the 'black, unseeing eyes' and the 'mask-like face' and under the voice must remain, of its nature, indefinable, yet it becomes for us unquestionably a supreme reality, qualified for the supreme part it has to play in the drama.

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His incalculable presence, if it cannot be said to be 'defined', is neverthless given a strong positiveness by the particularity with which the strange, fascinating physique and all the idiosyncrasies of the observable living presence are conveyed to us. The fascination associates with the distinctiveness of the large attic he inhabits—the large beautiful room, soft-lighted, with its white-vaulted ceilings, its 'very little furniture, save large peasant cupboards or presses of painted wood', its huge writing-table, 'on which were writing materials and some scientific apparatus and a cactus plant with fine scarlet blossoms', and its two telescopes, one mounted on a stand near a window. But it is in his talk that the effect registered by her as the 'dark, strange vacancy of his brow, his not-thinking', gets its decisive development.

> 'The soft, melodious, straying sound of his voice made her feel helpless. She felt that he never answered her. Words of reply seemed to stray out of him in the need to say *something*. But he himself never spoke. There he was, a contained blank silence in front of her'.

That she should feel like this seems to us, as we read, the inevitable outcome of the preceding conversation between them. He has come in at last, with the explanation that, 'as a matter of fact', he has been kept talking with his Colonel, and talking about her: the wife at home has made trouble. The manner and tone in which he recounts this news—and nothing could sound less like news, and news of moment—would be hard to define; which is a way of saying that they are defined with great precision in his actual speech (with its context). And they are in perfect accord with the odd suggestion of his presence After having made, in his way, his highly disturbing communication (and, on the Colonel's advice, he is going, he supposes, home on leave), he hangs up his belt, changes his tunic, replaces his shoes by slippers, and resumes his chair, stretching luxuriously' :

> ' "There", he said, "I feel better now". And he looked at her. "Well", he said, "and how are you?"
>
> ' "Me?" she said. "Do I matter?" She was rather bitter.
>
> ' "Do you matter? " he repeated, without noticing her bitterness. "Why, what a question! Of course you are of the very highest importance. What? Aren't you? " And smiling his curious smile—it made her for a moment think of the fixed sadness of monkeys, of those Chinese carved soapstone apes. He put his hand under her chin, and gently drew his finger along her cheek. She flushed deeply.
>
> ' "But I'm not important as you, am I?" she asked defiantly.
>
> ' "As important as me! Why bless you, I'm not important a bit. I'm not important a bit! "—the odd straying sound of his words mystified her. What did he really mean?
>
> ' "And I'm even less important than that", she said bitterly.

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'"Oh no, you're not. Oh no, you're not. You're very important. You're very important indeed, I assure you".

'"And your wife?"—the question came rebelliously. "Your wife? Isn't she important?"

'"My wife? My wife?" he seemed to let the word stray out of him as if he did not quite know what it meant. "Why, yes, I suppose she is important in her own sphere".

'"What sphere?" blurted Hannele, with a laugh.

'"Why, her own sphere, of course. Her own house, her own home, and her two children: that's her sphere".

'"And you?—where do you come in?"

'"At present I don't come in", he said.

'"But isn't that just the trouble", said Hannele. "If you have a wife and home, it's your business to belong to it, isn't it?"

'"Yes, I suppose it is, if I want to", he replied.

'"And you *do* want to?" she challenged.

'"No, I don't" he replied.

'"Well, then?" she said.

'"Yes, quite", he answered. "I admit, it's a dilemma".'

This odd casualness is certainly not flippancy, for all the effect of that, now and then, as the words 'stray' out of his apparent 'not-thinking'. And is it merely out of an absence of something—an absence of thought ,or purpose, or concentration—that they 'stray'? The elusive nonchalance, so baffling and even frightening to Hannele, seems to be at the same time a profound seriousness. The key-word is given us at the end of the scene between them, all of which goes to engender this peculiar exasperating and ambiguously disturbing effect as of a lack of directed responsive tension in him (there is a quiet poise, which she is aware of at the same time, and under which she detects a restlessness):

'"What are you thinking about to-night?" he said. "What are you thinking about?"

'"What did your Colonel say to you exactly?" she replied, trying to harden her eyes.

'"Oh, that!" he answered. "Never mind that. That is of no significance whatever".

'"But what *is* of any significance?" she insisted. She almost hated him.

'"What is of any significance? Well, nothing to me, outside of this room, at this minute. Nothing in time or space matters to me".

'"Yes, *this minute*!" she repeated bitterly. "But then there's the future. *I've* got to live in the future".

'"The future! The future! The future is used up every day. The future to me is like a big tangle of black thread. Every morning you begin to untangle one loose end—and that's your day. And every evening you break off and throw away what you've untangled, and the heap is so much less: just one thread less, one day less. That's all the future matters to me".

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' "Then nothing matters to you. And I don't matter to you. As you say only an end of waste thread", she resisted him.

' "No, there you're wrong. You aren't the future to me".

' "What am I then?—the past? "

' "No, not any of those things. You're nothing. As far as all that goes, you're nothing".

' "Thank you", she said sarcastically, "if I'm nothing".

'But the every irrelevancy of the man overcame her'.

That 'irrelevancy' is the clue: the word seems to be left with us, a kind of precipitate, by the just-quoted conclusion of the exchange, with its closing, 'As far as that goes, you're nothing' (clinched by the retort:' "Thank you", she said sarcastically, "if I'm nothing".') The terms of her conscious expectation of the 'man', the ideas that determine it, are irrelevant to the reality that, at bottom, attracts her: his presence is a challenge to the assumptions and the moulds of thought and feeling, especially those concerning love and happiness, in which she has grown up. She finds him, then, in his strange elusive fascination, 'meaningless'—irrelevant to the just and inevitable demand of her nature as a woman:

'And the meaninglessness of him fascinated her and left her powerless. She could ascribe no meaning to him, none whatever'.

The arrival of the wife, with its consequences, immensely complicates and intensifies the paradox, leaving Hannele more desperately unable to say what, in sum, her attitude towards him is, but leaving us with a much enriched perception of the significance of the doll. There is the odd, perverse impulse that, in the opening of this phase of the story, makes her show the 'Alexander doll' to the unidentified 'little lady' who visits the studio kept by Hannele and Mitchka. Alexander has been away some days on business, and he 'seems to have quite disappeared out of her'.

'And was he real? Why had she made his doll? Why had his doll been so important if he was nothing? Why had she shown it to that funny little woman this afternoon? . . . In actual life, her own German friends were real . . . But this other, he was simply not there. He didn't really exist. He was a nullus, in reality. A nullus—and she had somehow got herself entangled with a nullus'.

But when she hears his voice on the stairs outside, talking (though she doesn't know it) to the 'funny little woman',

'instantly she was afraid again. She knew there was something there'.

When, however, she finds herself in presence of the actuality, the question, '*What* is there? ' takes on a new and baffling force. We feel directly with her his unpredictable strangeness, so that, at the close of the scene, we have, for the moment, little advantage over her as interpreters and assessors. His tone and what he says are so

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utterly inappropriate by the standards of ordinary expectation, so unrelated to the crucial matters that are being discussed. Yet the extraordinariness offers itself as an unanswerable ordinariness—offers itself with such quiet conviction that it has partly the effect of that. Have we to do here with an unknown dimension, something real that forces us to recognize the invalidity of our routine assumptions and concepts, or merely an extravagant and irresponsible oddity, disqualifying the man for serious human relations.

The impressive strangeness is given in the situation in which she finds him when, unable to sleep, she goes to look. There he is, on the little roof-platform outside the landing window, squatting motionless on a stool at the end of a telescope, peering up at the moon. She taps at the window and he 'looked round, like some tom-cat staring with wide night-eyes'. After inviting her to have a look at the moon (she declines), he tells her casually that yesterday's visitor was his wife.

> '"Your wife! "—she looked up really astonished.'

It is an essential condition of the effect of the scene that to all he says, in his quiet, conversational way, astonishment would be the natural response, while he shows himself, by his tone and trend, wholly unaware of that. Yet we are aware that, in this disconcerting oddity, he is not giving proof of insensitiveness; we have taken, in the earlier course of the tale, all the suggestions that establish a sense of there being something really *there*, behind and beneath—something positive and vital, but indefinable, in relation to which these appearances have their significance.

But Hannele, of course, is an actor in the drama, not the reader of it. Her sense (we note as we register it) is less impersonal and inclusive than ours. She hears her lover tell her in his casual way, 'looking with dilated, blank and black eyes at nothing', that he is going to spend a week or so with his wife at the hotel:

> 'Was this a man?—or what was it? It was too much for her, that was all.
>
> '"Well, goodbye", she said. "I hope you will have a nice time at the Vier Jahreszeiten".'

There follows, at the hotel, the *tête-a-tête* between Hannele and Mrs. Hepburn, who have met in the street. Mrs. Hepburn, it turns out, assumes without question that the woman who has seduced her husband is Mitchka, the beautiful and aristocratic brunette: 'she's just the type I always knew would attract him, if he hadn't got me'. Confronted with her confiding assurance, Hannele is 'almost indignant at being so slighted herself. But she listens to the little lady's long account of Alec's perfection as a devoted husband:

> '"Oh, but he's been perfect to me, perfect. Hardly a cross word. Why, on our wedding night he kneeled down in front of me and promised, with God's help, to make my life happy. And I must say, as far as possible, he's kept his word".'

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Hannele can 'see her being a heroine, playing the chief part in her life-romance'—which is 'such a feminine occupation', we are told, 'htat no woman takes offence when she is made an audience'. The way in which, as we attend to the preposterous, vivacious and irresistibly convincing comedy of the little lady, the doll gets its significance developed and generalized, is subtle and unobtrusive—we have no sense of there being any symbolic designs upon it; but it has told decisively by the end of the scene. There are touches that keep the doll sufficiently present. Towards the middle of the *tête-a-tête* Mrs. Hepburn says: 'But when you showed me his doll, then I knew'. And she closes it on the insistence that *she* must have the doll:

> ' "You'll send it round—will you?—if you will be so kind".
> ' "I must ask my friend, first".
> ' "Yes, of course. But I am sure she will be so kind as to send it to me. It is a little—er—indelicate, don't you think!"
> ' "No", said Hannele. "No more than a painted portrait".
> ' "Don't you?" said her hostess coldly. "Well, even a painted portrait I think I should like in my own possession. This *doll*—".
> 'Hannele waited, but there was no conclusion.
> ' "Anyhow", she said, "the price is three guineas: or the equivalent in marks".
> ' "Very well", said the little lady, "you shall have your three guineas when I get the doll".'

Hannele's 'Alexander doll' doesn't represent so absurd a triumph of 'will' and 'idea' over reality as Mrs. Hepburn's does. Nevertheless, it is a doll; and the impulsion to the making of a doll has now been associated with the expectation of 'love' as adoration and as the self-devotion of the lover to making the loved one happy; with which expectation, it has been brought home to us, goes an essential possessiveness, and, inseparably from that, a denial of the living reality (which is unpossessable) of the possessed.

> '. . . the picture of Alec at his wife's feet on his wedding night, vowing to devote himself to her life-long happiness—this picture strayed across Hannele's mind time after time, whenever she thought of her dear captain. With disastrous consequences to the captain. Of course, if it had been at her own feet, then Hannele would have thought it almost natural: almost a necessary part of the show of love. But at the feet of the other little woman! And what was that other little woman wearing? '

Hannele's recoil, then, though she doesn't know it, involves an implicit criticism of herself: it is not till the close of the long process of Alexander's formal proposal of marriage (that is, till the end of the drama) that she is brought to recognize this. At present her attitude may be represented by a retort of hers thrown out in the course of the proposal:

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'"Why shouldn't I make a doll of you? Does it do you any harm? And *weren't* you a doll, good heavens! You *were* nothing but a doll. So what hurt does it do you'.

How, she asks herself, could she have been in love with the devoted husband of that little lady; the hero of that ridiculous wedding-night scene; the husband who, in her own presence, had acted the doll his wife had made of him?

'Ach! Ach! Hannele wrung her hands to think of *herself* being mixed up with him. And he had seemed to her so manly. He seemed to have so much silent male passion in him. And yet—the little lady! "My husband has *always* been *perfectly sweet* to me". Think of it! On his knees too. And his "Yes dear! Certainly. Certainly". Not that he was afraid of the little lady. He was just committed to her, as he might have been committed to gaol, or committed to paradise'.

She sees him now as a limited, rather vulgar and inferior person. And yet she cannot forget the spell:

'Nevertheless. If it had existed, it did exist. And if it did exist, it was worth having. You could call it an illusion if you liked. But an illusion which is a real experience is worth having. Perhaps this disillusion was a greater illusion than the illusion itself. Perhaps all this disillusion of the little lady and the husband of the little lady was falser than the brief moments of real illusion'.

Significantly, her settling to this as the centre of her shifting and balancing—her settling to the poise indicated here—expresses itself in a resolution *not* to send the doll; the little lady shall never have the doll. The final note of the scene is:

'What a doll she would make herself! Heavens, what a wizened jewel!'

Signalled by this, there follows a further developing and generalizing of the significance of the doll, given us in Hepburn's talk to Hannele about his wife, after the fatal fall from the hotel-bedroom window. His talk also does a great deal to enrich our sense of the indefinable reality—our apprehension of it as something positive—that attracts her in his charm. There is the way in which he taps at her door after the dreadful event and asks her to 'come over for a chat', and the curious, untense, matter-of-fact way in which he does chat about the accident and his wife.

'Hannele's ears were sharp. But strain them as she might she could not catch the meaning of his voice'.

And he goes on to give her his incredible account of his wife as herself a mysterious unknown, something quite other than her 'personality'. But *is* it incredible? When we hear that 'she was like a fairy who is condemned to live in houses and sit on furniture and all that, don't you know', we don't dissociate ourselves from his

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confidante's reaction: ' "No? " said Hannele, herself sitting in blank amazement'. And yet his description is not without its point of coincidence with our own observed 'little lady':

> ' "Like some sort of delicate creature you take out of a tropical forest the moment it is born, and from the first moment teach it to perform tricks. You know what I mean. All her life she performed the tricks of life, clever little monkey she was at it too. Beat me into fits".'

We remember the little lady as we have seen and heard her; wonderfully done, with her 'rather lardy-dardy middle-class English', her ruthless upper-class authority, and the femininity of her determination to 'protect our men'. And it is of this rather vulgar and decidedly limited person that Hepburn, answering the challenge, 'You loved her, then? ' can speak in these terms:

> ' "Yes. But in this way. When I was a boy I caught a bird, a blackcap, and I put it in a cage. And I loved that bird. I don't know why, but I loved it. I simply loved that bird. All the gorse, and the heather, and the rock, and the hot smell of yellow gorse-blossom, and the sky that seemed to have no end to it, when I was a boy, everything that I almost was *mad* with, as boys are, seemed to me to be in that little, fluttering black-cap. And it would peck its seed as if it didn't quite know what else to do; and look round about, and begin to sing. But in quite a few days it turned its head aside and died. Yes, it died. I never had the feeling again that I got from that black-cap when I was a boy—not until I saw her. And then I felt it all again. I felt it all again. And it was the same feeling. I knew, quite soon I knew, that she would die. She would peck her seed and look round in the cage just the same. But she would die in the end. Only it would last much longer. But she would die in the cage, like the black-cap".'

It is the reality, not of the wife thus presented to us, but of Hepburn himself on which our wonderment focuses during the astonishing presentment. As far as the little lady is concerned, we grant with real assent the application of the general truth to her: the reality of a human being is not exhausted in his or her 'personality'. But the main effect on us of the scene is to confirm our sense of the valid claim—claim to key-significance—of the unknown in Hepburn. Hannele, of course, who can no longer think of him as 'rather awful—stupid—an ass—a limited, rather vulgar person', is left in a new phase of baffled indetermination. The scene ends:

> ' "And perhaps I was to blame. Perhaps I ought to have made some sort of a move. But I didn't know what to do. For my life, I didn't know what to do, except try and make her happy. She had enough money—and I didn't think it mattered if she shared it with me. I always had a garden—and the astronomy. It's been an immense relief to me watching the moon.

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It's been wonderful. Instead of looking inside the cage, as I did at my bird, or at her—I look right out—into freedom—into freedom".

'"The moon, you mean?" said Hannele.

'"Yes, the moon".

'"And that's your freedom?"

'"That's where I've found the greatest sense of freedom", he said.

'"Well, I'm not going to be jealous of the moon", said Hannele, at length.

'"Why should you. It's not a thing to be jealous of".'

We can now tell ourselves more about the significance of the telescopes and Alexander's interest in the moon. They point, we see here, to that impersonal purpose (if 'purpose' is the word) which an individual human being must have while he has his integrity and his *raison d'être*; that 'purpose' which cannot, without disaster, be abdicated in favour of anything else. One cannot live to make another person happy; and to propose to do so, to take that for a *raison d'être*, is a denial of life that can only breed ill. Again, what we have had presented to us by the whole scene is the fact of *otherness*: we cannot possess one another, and the possibility of valid intimate relations—the essential lasting relations between a man and a woman, for instance—depends on an acceptance of this truth.

We cease for a while to be given Alexander Hepburn through Hannele's apprehension of him; we have him directly. He is not now a fascinating unknown; he is just a man, with his problems, and with no more mystery about him than there is about any man—he is ordinary, we might say, if we felt ourselves to be ordinary. He goes back to England to settle his affairs, feeling that 'the emotional flow between him and all the people he knew and cared for' is broken. He is 'profoundly thankful' his wife is dead ('It was an end of pity now'). During the long winter he neither, though free to do so, goes back to Germany, nor writes to Hannele; he 'cannot even think of her'. Nevertheless, 'Alexander Hepburn was not the man to live alone':

> 'We must be ***able*** to be alone, otherwise we are just victims. But when we ***are*** able to be alone, then we realize that the only thing to do is to start a new relationship with another—or even the same—human being. That people should all be stuck up apart, like so many telegraph poles, is nonsense.
>
> 'So with our dear captain. He had his convulsion into a sort of telegraph-pole isolation: which was absolutely necessary for him. But then he began to bud with a new yearning for—for what? For love?'

Hannele does not 'exactly represent rosy love' to him; rather, 'a hard destiny'; but he writes to her, but gets no answer. Finally he goes to Germany, fails to find either of the two women, but

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suddenly, in Munich, sees his doll in a shop window, 'lounging with his back against a little Japanese lacquer cabinet, with a few old pots on his right hand and a tiresome brass ink-tray on his left, while pieces of not very nice filet lace hung their length up and down the background . . it was like a deliberate satire'. Between two of his fascinated visits to the shop-window the doll is sold ('Five hundred marks'). He gets no clue to Hannele's whereabouts till he reads, under 'Studio Comments' in the *Muenchneer Neue Zeitung*, about Theodor Worpswede's latest picture, a 'still-life, containing an entertaining group of a doll, two sun-flowers in a glass jar, and a poached egg on toast'. The doll is of a Scottish officer and the same paragraph reports the rumour of its original creator's engagement to the Herr Regierungsrat of a summer resort in the Tyrol. Alexander buys the picture, and hurries off with it across the Austrian frontier to Kaprun.

We now see him again through Hannele's eyes. Walking with the Herr Regierungsrat across the 'space of sunshine', she suddenly finds Alexander there in front of her.

> 'She did not notice till he had taken off his hat and was saluting her. Then what she saw was the black, smooth, shining head, and she went pale. His black, smooth, close head—and all the blue Austrian day seemed to shrivel before her eyes.
>
> ' "How do you do, Countess! I hoped I should meet you".
>
> 'She heard his slow, sad-clanging, straying voice again, and she pressed her hand with the umbrella stick against her breast. She had forgotten it—forgotten his peculiar, slow voice. And now it seemed like a noise that sounds in the silence of the night. Ah! how difficult it was, that suddenly the world could split under her eyes, and show this darkness inside. She wished he had not come'.

We recall what Count Dionys tells Lady Daphne about the light of the sun:

> ' "And the true sunbeams coming towards us flow darkly, a moving darkness of the genuine fire. The sun is dark, the sunshine flowing to us is dark. And light is only the inside-out of it all, the lining, and the yellow beams are only the turning away of the sun's directness that was coming to us. Does that interest you at all? "
>
> ' "Yes", she said dubiously.
>
> ' "Well, we've got the world inside out. The true living world of fire is dark, throbbing, darker than blood. Our luminous world that we go by is only the reverse of this".
>
> ' "Yes, I like that", she said.
>
> ' "Well! Now listen. The same with love. This white love that we have is the same. It is only the reverse, the whited sepulchre of the true love. True love is dark . . ."'

But what follows here is nothing like the nocturnalities—mystery and incantation—of *The Ladybird*. It is the expedition to the glacier, a strenuous daylight affair, in which the challenging

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strangnesses of the mountains are not more in evidence than the reminders of the ordinary day-to-day human world, in the form of tourists, motor-coaches, hotels and so on—done with Lawrence's incomparable genius. It is astonishing how, in all this part of the tale, that post-war Austria is brought before us. It provides, with its indisputable and constantly obtruding actuality, the setting in which the lovers negotiate. For it seems inevitable, and it is certainly not misleading now, to call them lovers: as they set off together on this holiday excursion (it manifests itself later as a kind of ordeal or *rite de passage*) we know that, in their deeper psyches, they are intent on coming to terms.

But, as they climb into the upper world, they are 'not in good company together'. Alexander's unconcealed revulsion against 'this Bergheil business', and the whole cult of mountains it represents, jars on Hannele: 'if you don't like it, why must you spoil it for me?' When, as they emerge in the upper valley, below the glacier, he exclaims in wonder ('as if to himself'),

> 'She looked quickly at his face, saw the queer, blank, sphinx-look with which he gazed out beyond himself. His eyes were black and set, and he seemed so motionless, as if he were eternal, facing these upper facts.
>
> 'She thrilled with triumph. She felt he was overcome'.

She is mistaken; his attitude towards 'these upper facts' is very remote indeed from the sanctioned exaltation or awe. This soon becomes plain. But first, as they lunch under a rock, he pulls out the picture from his shoulder-sack, so bringing up at last the question of their past relations. To his saying that he didn't quite like it that she sold the doll she replies that, when his wife appeared, and *he* disappeared, she felt he had sold *her*. In an intensified antagonism, then, they go on; and revert to the theme of the mountains. Why, she asks 'with an ice-bitter fury', turning round on him in the cold rain, why has she come here?—to see the mountains, not to see *him*.

> ' "You came to see the glacier and the mountains *with* me", he replied.
>
> ' "Did I? Then I made a mistake. You can do nothing but find fault even with God's mountains".
>
> 'A dark flame suddenly went over his face.
>
> ' "Yes", he said, "I hate them, I hate them. I hate their snow and their affectations".
>
> ' "*Affectations*! " she laughed. "Oh! Even the mountains are affected for you, are they? "
>
> ' "Yes", he said. "Their loftiness and their uplift. I hate their uplift. I hate people prancing on mountain-tops and feeling exalted. I'd like to make them all stop up there, on their mountain-tops, and chew ice to fill their stomachs. I wouldn't let them down again, I wouldn't. I hate it all, I tell you; I hate it".'

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The relation of his vehement feeling to the antagonism between them is now pretty plain: he associates the sentimental idealism of the mountain-cult with the unrealities of ideal 'love'. And he gets, soon, an endorsement straight out of the tale (so to speak); for the following—it comes during their halt for shelter in the restaurant of the uppermost hotel—comes neither as his reflection nor hers:

> 'Certainly they were lords of the Alps, or at least lords of the Alpine hotels this summer, let prejudice be what it might. Jews of the wrong sort. And yet even they imparted a wholesome breath of sanity, disillusion, unsentimentality, to the excited "Bergheil" atmosphere. Their dark-eyed, sardonic presence seemed to say to the maidenly-necked mountain youths: "Don't sprout wings of the spirit too much, my dears".'

Yet that is not all; Alexander's revulsion against the mountains, 'their loftiness and their uplift', is no mere negation What gives it its vehemence, as the close of that angry exchange with Hannele brings out, is an affirmation of life:

> '"You must be a little mad", she said superbly, "to talk like that about the mountains. They are so much bigger than you".
>
> '"No", he said. "No! They are not".
>
> '"What!" she laughed aloud. "The mountains are not bigger than you? But you are extraordinary".
>
> '"They are not bigger than me", he cried. "Any more than you are bigger than me if you stand on a ladder. They are not bigger than me. They are less than me".
>
> '"Oh! Oh!" she cried in wonder and ridicule. "The mountains are less than you".
>
> '"Yes!" he cried, "they are less".
>
> 'He seemed suddenly to go silent and remote as she watched him. The speech had gone out of his face again, he seemed to be standing a long way off from her, beyond some border-line. And in the midst of her indignant amazement she watched him with wonder and a touch of fascination. To what country did he belong then?—to what dark, different atmosphere?'

Hannele herself, even in her fierce antagonism, cannot dismiss it wholly as rhodomontade or megalomania, and this is altogether credible to us; so convincingly, in this drama which affects us so largely as comedy—and in which (to illustrate a characteristic tone) the 'mule had to stand exactly at that spot to make his droppings'—has the deep centre of life in Alexander been established for us as a potent reality. The affirmation, and the reality that affirms, have their significance enforced by the opposing 'upper facts', the terribleness of which is borne in upon us with all Lawrence's marvellous power:

> 'The wonder, the terror, and the bitterness of it. Never a warm leaf to unfold, never a gesture of life to give off. A world sufficient unto itself in lifelessness, all this ice'.

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To Hannele it still seems 'to hold the key to all glamour and ecstasy, the great silent, living glacier', though, we get the hint, a sense of a more frightening reality is dawning:

> '"Are you glad that you came?" she said, looking at him triumphant.
>
> '"Very glad I came", he said. His eyes were dilated with excitement that was ordeal or mystic battle rather than the Bergheil ecstasy. The curious vibration of his excitement made the scene strange rather than horrible to her. She too shuddered'.

The significance of the ordeal gets its explicit pointer when, as she watches from below, he makes the final desperate scramble on to the face of the glacier, and stands there with the 'little cluster of people facing the uphill of sullen, pure, sodden-looking ice': they were 'all afraid', but 'being human, they all wanted to go beyond their fear'. The admonition of this inhuman and lifeless world is terrible; Alexander's affirmation of life, 'They [the mountains] are less than me', is made in the face of a full apprehension of 'these upper facts': there is nothing romantic about it. Safely down again from the ice he says:

> '"I've been far enough. I prefer the world where cabbages will grow on the soil. Nothing grows on glaciers'.

The effect of the holiday-excursion is to confirm the positiveness and the validity of Hepburn's ostensibly negative attitude—his repudiation of 'love' and his 'meaninglessness'. This attitude is truly one of insistence on reality, and the insistence, negative as it may have seemed to Hannele, the 'idea'-bound, expresses an ultimate—an unsentimental and unideal—vital faith, a profound assertion of life and wholeness.

When Hepburn begins his proposal, as they wait, on the way down, at the coach-terminus, Hannele is still, in outer seeming, as she was. The essential choice stands there clearly before her—at least, one term of it is clear, made present by Alexander's characteristic opening: 'Do you think you will marry the Herr Regierungsrat?' The Herr Regierungsrat, impressively mature and very distinguished, offers her homage, and makes her feel like 'a queen in exile'. On the other hand there is the insufferably inappropriate matter-of-factness of Alexander, who 'suggests', simply, that she should marry *him*, 'leaving aside the question of whether you love me or I love you'. It is the same 'incalculable' Alexander, with the same voice and manner, and yet *we* do not feel the characteristic odd matter-of-factness to be inappropriate. Nor do we feel that she, though she looks at him 'with amazement, ridicule, and anger in her face', is really, now, baffled, or would describe him as 'incalculable'. So he impresses us as being right when, to her 'I really think you must be mad', he replies:

> '"I doubt if you think that. It is only a method of retaliation, that is. I think you understand my point very clearly".'

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When he produces from his knapsack the 'famous picture', it is merely to bring to a focus—to present sharply for recognition—the upshot of the whole argument or demonstration that has been enacted between them (the wife having had her major part too). All the essential things that cannot be explained—and can least of all in a tense altercation between two lovers in a public place—are represented by the doll, which for both Hannele and Alexander as well as for us, is now a fully charged symbol. It gives the due force to his remark that 'All this about love is very confusing, and very complicated'. When Hannele says, 'Love to me is simple enough', he replies: 'And was it simple love which made you make that doll of me? ' Her 'amazement and rage' at his insisting on the doll, and that it *does* do him harm ('It does me the greatest possible damage'), betray her unwilling recognition of the force of his references to it.

> ' "Why? Pray why? Can you tell me why? "
> ' "Not quite, I can't", he replied, taking up the picture and holding it up in front of her. She turned her face from it as a cat turns its nose away from a lighted cigarette.
> ' "But when I look at this—then I *know* that there's no love between you and me".'

In the rushing and swerving motor-coach, where, having failed to find another seat, she has to sit next to him, he 'finishes what he has to say,: that is, he gives her—shouting when necessary against the noise—a sober statement of his position. It is perfectly dramatic, and it is at the same time an explicit statement of the burden ('moral', one might say) of the tale or drama. It contains the passage, already quoted from, in which he sums up the full charge of significance the doll now has:

> ' "My wife might have done it. She did do it, in her mind . . . If a woman loves you, she'll make a doll of you. She'll never be satisfied till she's made your doll. And when she's got your doll, that's all she wants. And that's what love means. And so I won't be loved. And I won't love".'

There is point in his bringing it to the stage of blunt explicitness with her: the upshot of the enacted vicissitudes of their relations has been to have established (and for us as well as for him) that there is, between them, the basis for something permanent and unillusory —for a marriage that shall not commit anyone to adoring or possessive 'love', or, as an ultimate, to the undertaking to make an adored one happy. This is to say that his negative is the other face of a positive: his belief in the possibility (and—for him—the need) of a lasting relation with a woman. And this belief the 'incalculable' Alexander Hepburn, with the 'strange, dark vacancy of his brow, his not-thinking', conveys in the most old-fashioned of traditional terms—terms going with what might seem to be an outmoded commonsense:

> ' "It isn't very easy to put into words" he said. "But I tried

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marriage once on a basis of love, and I must say it was a ghastly affair in the long run. And I believe it would be so, for me, whatever woman I had".

'"There must be something wrong with you, then", said she.

'"As far as love goes. And yet I want marriage. I want marriage. I want a woman to honour and obey me".'

For a further formulation we have:

'"Honour and obedience: and the proper physical feelings", he said. "To me that is marriage. Nothing else".

'"But what are the proper physical feelings but love?" asked Hannele.

'"No", he said. "Any woman wants you to adore her, and be in love with her—and I shan't. I will not do it again, if I live a monk for the rest of my days. I will neither adore you nor be in love with you".'

There is nothing merely and crudely reductive about the attitude; that, even locally, is apparent enough:

'"If a woman honours me—absolutely from the bottom of her nature honours me—and obeys me because of that, I take it, my desire for her goes very much deeper than if I was in love with her, or if I adored her".

'"It's the same thing. If you love, then everything is there—all the lot: your honour and obedience and everything. And if love isn't there, nothing is there", she said.

'"That isn't true", he replied. "A woman may adore you, but she'll neither honour you nor obey you. The most loving and adoring woman to-day could any minute start and make a doll of her husband—as you made of me".'

Coming as they do for the reader who brings to them the charge of what has gone before, the forthright—seemingly blunt—terms of the formulation define, for all the 'nothing else', a conception of the relations between a man and a woman that cannot readily be convicted of crudity. Their use by Alexander Hepburn now is wholly convincing. That it should be so is a wonderful triumph of creative art, and a significant pointer to the nature of Lawrence's genius. The traditional terms are no more paradoxically wrested than they are used naïvely to express a crude or simple attitude: they are revitalized in the service of a profound insight into the deeper human needs and desires.

Of course very far from every reader of Lawrence testifies to this genius: critics give us the most surprising reports of his best things and *The Captain's Doll* itself is invoked to prove that he preached—what he itched, it is alleged, to practise—a bullying male dominance. Such commentaries betray a resistance closely related to the kind that Hannele ultimately relinquishes. She, of course has a direct personal involvement, but her resistance, nevertheless, is a resistance of 'ideas' to a deep vital truth—a truth that, recognized,

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must sap their power. And such 'ideas' cannot be overcome by logic. And, as the history of his reception shows, even such genius as Lawrence's—even in those who formally salute the genius—cannot be counted on to overcome the implicit resistance to the recognition.

In defining the norm with which he is preoccupied (and the creative impulsion in *The Captain's Doll* cannot be separated from a normative concern—with which fact is bound up the dramatic impersonality of the art), it is with a significant propriety that he makes Alexander Hepburn invoke the traditional formulation. A man is a man and not a woman, and a woman is a woman and not a man: the difference is not superficial or inessential. Hepburn uses 'honour and obey' to point to the positive aspect of the profound conviction to which experience has brought him—the conviction that he has 'always made a mistake, undertaking to love".

> ' "And you? " she cried. "You! Even suppose you *were* honoured and obeyed. I suppose all you've got to do is to sit there like a sultan and sup it up".
>
> ' "Oh no, I have many things to do. And woman or no woman, I'm going to start to do them".
>
> ' "What, pray? "
>
> ' "Why, nothing very exciting. I'm going to East Africa to join a man who's breaking his neck to get his three thousand acres under control. And when I've done a few more experiments and observations, and got all the necessary facts, I'm going to do a book on the moon. Woman or no woman, I'm going to do that".'

A man's *raison d'être* cannot be to adore a woman, or to make her, or anyone else, happy (an illusory aim); his meaning is not exhausted in the service of wife and children. And unless he is there, vindicated in his full meaning as a man, he is not there to establish with the woman the vital polarity without which there cannot be a lasting relation that doesn't thwart the life in either. It is for the man, Hepburn intimates, to vindicate himself as such by having, in the world, an impersonal, non-domestic purpose and activity. If he does not, whatever the woman may think she desires, she is let down; however adoring, he has failed her.

The Captain's Doll does not propound or generalize; we do not find it laid down there, nor are we forced to deduce, that the mode of the manifestation of the difference between men and women must always and everywhere be this, which Alexander defines cogently enough for Hannele's conviction with the help of the marriage service. We have to note of course that theme and creative impulsion are, as I have said, essentially normative. And again and again Lawrence's art deals with the woman, nerve-worn and strained or lethally sardonic, in whom the life has gone wrong because she is committed to the man's part, or to contempt for it, or to living in a mode that gives it no place. Or his theme sometimes (as in *England my England*) is the man who, declining the life-

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responsibility represented by the male activity and purpose, fails his wife in a way no love or goodwill can forgive or condone. But there are, it is plain, possibilities that are not recognized in *The Captain's Doll*. And it might be made a criticism of that tale that it raises questions in a way of which the author can be supposed to be unaware. Hannele, it might be pointed out, has her art, the expression (we are given to understand) of a real talent. If Alexander's amateur dealings with the moon are to be taken so seriously, doesn't Hannele's talent represent something that shouldn't have dropped so easily out of the account? And, plainly enough situations can be imagined in which such questions should pose themselves forcibly and poignantly, providing a great novelist with a different kind of theme from Lawrence's, and with a vision of a different kind of partnership between a man and a woman.

But the normative preoccupation of Lawrence's theme starts from the mischievousness of the 'ideas' the tale deals with—the 'ideas' of 'love' and adoration and 'making happy'; and the positive aspect of the theme is inseparable from the negative one. It may be a point of adverse criticism that Hannele's talent has no more significance in the drama than that it enables her to make the doll. But it *is* just that limited kind of *donnée,* asking to be given no more than just that value. And in Hannele's anger against Alexander no part is played by any sense in her of gifts or powers for which he proposes to leave no place.

Her attitude and her change have their significance strictly in relation to what has become focussed in the doll. We recognize before she does the signs of the imminent surrender; the conviction is substantially there before she admits it to herself: we have watched it forming as the inevitable outcome of the demonstration they enact between them. When, near the beginning of the proposal, he says, 'I think you understand my point very clearly', we know (I have already remarked) that, for all her genuine indignation, he is right. The inner shifts in her have been rendered with convincing subtlety. Immediately after his outburst about the 'affectations' and 'uplift' of the mountains, she has recognized that her relations with him are different from any she has had with other men, and unwittingly testifies that they are supremely important to her:

> ' "Is he mad? What does he mean? Is he a madman? He wants to bully me into something, What does he want to bully me into? Does he want me to love him? "
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 'So this was the conclusion to which Hannele came. And it pleased her, and it flattered her. And it made her feel quite warm towards him as they walked in the rain . . . He wanted her to love him. Yes, that was how she had to put it. He didn't want to *love* her. No. He wanted *her* to love *him*.
>
> 'But then, of course, woman-like, she took his love for granted. So many men had been so very ready to love her. And

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this one—to her amazement, to her indignation, and rather to her secret satisfaction—just blackly insisted that *she* must love *him*. Very well—she would give him a run for his money'.

The indignant anger that accompanies the 'giving him a run for his money' subsides during the proposal and the discussion into which this turns, but she gives no sign of acquiescence till the very end, when he is leaving her at the landing-stage outside the villa where she lives. Then it is hardly a surrender: the fact of their accord stands there fully formed between them, revealed as they part. The shift from antagonism is made easy for her by the shouted matter-of-fact exchange with the friends in the garden.

'From the villa they were running down the steps to meet Hannele.

' "But won't you have me even if I love you? " she asked him.

' "You must promise the other", he said. "It comes in the marriage service".

' "Hat's geregnet? Wie war das Wetter? Warst du auf dem Gletscher?" cried the voices from the garden.

' "Nein—kein Regen. Wunderschön! Ja, er war ganz auf dem Gletscher", cried Hannele in reply. And to him, *sotto voce*:

' "Don't be a solemn ass. Do come in".

' "No", he said, "I don't want to come in".

' "Do you want to go away to-morrow? Go if you *do*. But anyway, I won't say it *before* the marriage service. I needn't, need I? "

'She stepped from the boat on to the plank.

' "Oh", she said, turning round, "give me that picture, please, will you? I want to burn it".

'He handed it to her.

' "And come to-morrow, will you? " she said.

' "Yes, in the morning".

'He pulled back quickly into the darkness'.

With the reign of sanity and profound commonsense established, we end on the reminder of 'darkness'—'darkness', with all its associations: the 'dark, wide-open eyes'; the moment when, walking with the Herr Regierungsrat, she saw Alexander in front of her, and suddenly the world split under her eyes' and showed 'this darkness inside'; and the 'curious, dark, masterful force that supplanted thought in him', while she pondered 'Is he mad? ' The effect here is validating: this commonsense *is* profound.

F. R. LEAVIS.

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'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING'

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING has been regarded by the majority of its critics as something of a failure, though the nature and extent of the 'failure' depends considerably on the critical approach. There is almost always a charge (explicit or implied) that character and plot are at odds with each other. John Palmer's comment on the fourth and fifth acts is not unrepresentative:

> 'What was Shakespeare to do? There never could have been such a scene as Hero's wedding if everybody had behaved with ordinary decency. Claudio and Don Pedro are sacrificed to make a Sicilian holiday'.

Not only here (he continues) are they sacrificed, but again in the encounter with Leonato and Antonio, in their 'bantering of Benedick when he delivers his challenge', and 'above all' in their 'ungracious apology' to Leonato when Borachio confesses the stratagem which has deceived them. 'But it cannot be said that he [Claudio] is out of character. Shakespeare has carefully fitted him for the ignoble part he is required to play'.[1]

Sometimes the 'disharmony' in the play is seen as one between its 'romantic' and 'comic' elements. Mr. E. C. Pettet presents the case in these terms: 'In the first place, it is probable that Shakespeare made the mistake of choosing a romantic story that could never be completely assimilated to the spirit of a comedy, for all romance stories are not alike in spirit, some being more suited to tragic than to comic dramatization'. Furthermore, he continues, Shakespeare has imperfectly combined the elements of this play:

> 'One of the chief secrets of his success in blending romance and comedy had been that he had allowed wit and humour to blow freely through the romantic part of the play, much of this comic zephyr consisting, as we have already shown, of mockery and mild satire on the extravagances of romantic love. This is indeed the method employed in the first part of *Much Ado* . . . But what humour there is in the last part of the play (excluding of course the final scene) is extraneous, the "comic relief" of Dogberry and Verges; and the introduction of the essentially comic figure of Bendick into these near-tragic scenes only imposes a strain and an aggravated sense of incredulity upon us, as well as calling for great powers of sustained adaptability from the actor who is playing Benedick's part'.

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[1] John Palmer, *Comic Characters of Shakespeare*, London, 1946, pp. 112-3.

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Finally, the last two acts contain 'serious scenes' which, though artificial and contrived in their situations, 'are at the same time filled with powerful, plausible emotions'.[2]

While I can agree that there is some disharmony of tone in *Much Ado*, and that the play is not flawless, I intend to challenge what I believe to be a misconception (so generally held as to have frequently become a pre-conception) concerning Shakespeare's intentions, particularly in the fourth and fifth acts. This misconception affects (in varying degrees) all the main characters of the play, and in proposing an alternative suggestion I hope to show that the distribution of the serious and comic tones is far more pervading and complex than the usual reading of the play implies.

Since the plot of *Much Ado* is (by general consent) a technically admirable combination of several elements, any discussion of these elements separately (whether this takes the form of isolating an act or a scene, or of untwisting one of the strands of character and considering, for instance, Benedick and Beatrice in a void) must lead to a distorted view of the play as a whole. I shall therefore develop in outline a scene-by-scene analysis, afterwards attempting to draw general conclusions as to the kind of entertainment that Shakespeare seems to be offering, and the extent of the success with which he has realized his apparent aims.[3]

The opening scene, written mostly in easy fluent prose, contains the usual introduction of the main characters in such terms as to guide the audience towards forming an understanding and a moral judgment of them. Claudio is young and valorous ('doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion') and emotional (Leonato's comment on those who weep for joy prevents any suspicion that the tears are weak or sentimental: while the reverse emotion, 'to joy at weeping', will shortly be associated with Don John who relishes the sufferings of others). While Claudio is thus evidently the destined hero, Benedick is equally the destined comedian ('O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was'), though he is also brave; and his friendly association with Claudio is made to reinforce both these qualities (II, 76-82). As for Beatrice, it is established that her raillery is not malicious ('You must not, sir, mistake my niece') but is part of a 'merry war' with Benedick. Leonato is warm-hearted and generous ('The fashion of the world is to avoid cost,

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[2]Pettet, *Shakespeare and the Romance Tradition, London*, 1949, pp. 132-4. He cites V. i. 3-32, and quotes V. i. 58-71. On the latter he comments 'There is perhaps a touch of rant in these lines: there is certainly counterfeit emotion, since Hero is not dead. Yet this passage might assuredly have come out of one of the tragedies'. (p. 134).

[3]References are to the Arden edition, 1924. I may as well make it clear that since *Much Ado* appears to make excellent sense as it stands, I shall not be referring to J. Dover Wilson's theory (New Cambridge edn., 1923, pp. 89-107) that it is the revision of an earlier play.

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and you encounter it'). Benedick's entry to the dialogue is on the expected comic note, and an equally expected exchange with Beatrice ensues. Don Pedro and Don John characterize themselves by their attitude to Leonato, the former being heartily appreciative of his hospitality and the latter subdued, laconic and stiff.

With Claudio and Benedick left alone together, their contrasting attitudes to love are brought out. The main emphasis is on Benedick, whose satirical anti-romantic attitude (indicated in I, i, 35-8) is shown to be 'professed' (*i.e.*, self-conscious, if not feigned) and is set off by Claudio's romantic one: 'Can the world buy such a jewel? '[4] At Don Pedro's return, Benedick jestingly blows the gaff on Claudio, who makes guarded replies until assured that Don Pedro's attitude is not a masked version of Benedick's but is one of impartial judgment. A patterned trio develops, with Don Pedro fulfilling what will become his usual rôle of the reasonable man, Claudio being the emotional lover and Benedick adding the heretic's perverse view:

Claud. That I love her, I feel.
D. Pedro That she is worthy, I know.
Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Throughout this episode attention is concentrated on Benedick, whose extravagant protestations are interrupted by Don Pedro's emphatic prophecy 'I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love' and its corollary 'Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument'. But when Benedick leaves the stage, attention reverts to Claudio (the change to verse marks this intention), who makes an embarrassed beginning to his confession of love with a roundabout query on Leonato's family:[5]

Hath Leonato any son, my Lord?
D. Pedro No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

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[4]To argue (as C. T. Prouty does, *The Sources of Much Ado About Nothing: a critical study*, New Haven, 1950, p. 42) that if Claudio were really in love he would not need Benedick's opinion is irrelevant. It is not Claudio, but Shakespeare and the audience, who need it. Claudio's line, (*cf.* Othello's 'one entire and perfect chrysolite' image, *Othello* V, ii, 146-9) indicates his complete idealization of Hero and should forestall any supposition that he is wooing her for her wealth. The supposition is nevertheless frequently repeated: Palmer, p. 130; James Smith, *Scrutiny*, XIII, 4, p. 244 (implied); Pettet, p. 124; Prouty, p. 43.

[5]I support the Arden editor's interpretation of this passage.

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Of course, Don Pedro already knows that Claudio loves Hero, but in the earlier part of the scene the interest was usurped by Benedick: Shakespeare is now picking up the threads he there dropped, firmly establishing Claudio as a romantic lover ('in their rooms/Come thronging soft and delicate desires') and also preparing for the first and minor mistake (at the masked ball) which shall precede and therefore make more credible the major one. The hesitancy and embarrassment of Claudio's, moreover, the only justification in terms of character for the proxy wooing of II, i.

The short scene I, ii, in which Leonato gets a garbled account of Don Pedro's plan, is appropriate to the general theme and technique of the play (errors and overhearings) though it does nothing to advance the plot. This is done in I, iii, where a second overhearing is seized on by the villain and exploited. It is notable that the misanthropic Don John really holds that view of marriage ('What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?') which Benedick only 'professes',[6] especially since the next scene (II, i) opens with a formal contrast between the two men. The contrast is drawn by Beatrice, and her gratuitous mention of Benedick is a further hint to the audience that he and she are at last to be linked. The object of the ensuing dialogue seems to be to exhibit her wit, just as Benedick's was exhibited in I, i, and a similar recantation is foreseen (Leonato's 'Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband'—*cf.* I, i, 228): suggestions that she is 'shrewd' and 'curst', though necessary to her later repentance of 'pride and scorn' (III, i, 108) have been qualified in advance by Leonato's early tip to the messenger (and audience) and will be further qualified after her exit near the end of the scene (II, 318 *ff.*)

The masked ball is diversified with miscellaneous comedy (again involving the play's characteristic errors and irony)—the sophisticated wit of Don Pedro and Hero, reminiscent of *Love's Labour's Lost* in the versification and 'conceit' of its close, the simpler repartee of Margaret to her partner,[7] Ursula's exchange with Antonio (who can only recognize himself in Ursula's flattering account of his merits, not in the obvious truths about his defects), and, in admirable juxtaposition with this, the mutual disparagement of Benedick and Beatrice; whose final 'We must follow the leaders' foreshadows with comic irony their eventual following of Claudio and Hero into marriage. The stage is then left clear for Don John's deceiving of Claudio (his pretence to take him for Benedick is a further instance of the intrigue involving mistaken identity which

[6]Though Don John is provided with a motive for thwarting Claudio (see Arden edn., intro., p. xxii), it is his general discontent that is emphasized; his negative and destructive attitude to love and marriage comes out before Claudio's name is mentioned ('Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? ').

[7]Probably Borachio (see New Cambridge edn., pp. 95, 122), though C. T. Prouty, *Modern Language Notes*, March, 1950, defends the mingled 'Bene.' and 'Balth.' speech-headings of the 1600 Quarto.

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characterizes the play). Claudio's unquestioning acceptance of this false account, far from critically exposing a weakness in his character, is intended to forestall such criticism. It differs from the credulity of Othello and of Posthumus not in degree but in kind: both those characters are shown actively responding to slander, succumbing to a belief for which (as other characters significantly state) the grounds are inadequate.[8] Two further facts—that the betrayal of lovers by their false friends provided stock literary material (*cf.* 'This is an accident of hourly proof'—it had already been the subject of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) and that Benedick also believes that Don Pedro has designs on Hero (though Benedick, ignorant of the planned proxy wooing, is confined to the evidence of his eyes and consequently can't appreciate the full bitterness of Claudio's words)—contribute to our understanding of Claudio's position here. His short flat phrases ('Farewell, therefore, Hero!', 'I wish him joy of her') are not indifferent but deeply resentful, and Benedick's comment on him ('Alas! poor hurt fowl; now will he creep into sedges') is sympathetic in spite of the flippant tone marking all the speeches of the comedian, a tone which serves the double purpose of heightening Claudio's genuine sorrow and suggesting its approaching dissipation. This whole episode is, of course, of minor importance—its main object being to establish that the play is one in which errors will be caused by intrigue but will nevertheless end happily—and it is quickly brought to an end, enlivened with the comic development of Beatrice's and Benedick's exchanges at the masked ball. Claudio is reintroduced, still sombre and laconic ('Not sad, my lord'. 'Neither, my lord'), this time with Beatrice as the comic foil to his serious feelings. Her 'Speak, count, 'tis your cue' is not meant to ridicule any artificiality in Claudio's next speech, but to lead on to Don Pedro's 'In faith, lady, you have a merry heart'. The emphasis is, in fact, now diverted from Claudio to Beatrice and Benedick. Beatrice's self-consciously comic lament that she still lacks a husband[9] calls forth Don Pedro's offer 'Lady Beatrice, I will get you one'; the audience, recalling Don Pedro's part in I, i, will have no doubt that Benedick is intended, and though Beatrice's witty evasion temporarily side-tracks Don Pedro, his words when she goes ('She were an excellent wife for Benedick') formulate the proposition towards which the play has clearly been

[8]For *Othello*, see F. R. Leavis, 'Diabolic intellect and the noble hero', *The Common Pursuit*, London, 1952) pp. 136-59. In IV, ii, 1-23 Othello wilfully rejects Emilia's evidence of Desdemona's fidelity. In *Cymbeline*, II, iv, 113-7, 130-2, Philario makes two vain attempts to check Posthumus' too-easy credulity ('It may be probable she lost it . . .', 'This is not strong enough to be believ'd/ Of one persuaded well of—').

[9]The evident difference between this and the serious complaints of Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew* (II, i, 31-6) is reinforced by Leonato's words 'There's little of the melancholy element in her', etc.

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tending from the first. The audience here again feels Don Pedro's view to be that of a man of sense: and prides itself on having been, in sharing this view, smarter than Leonato ('O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad'). Don Pedro's praise of Benedick, and the participation of 'gentle Hero', confirm that the plan is not to gull the victims into a false belief for a merely comic purpose (like the gulling of Malvolio) but to bring out what is already latent in them though unrecognized by them.[10] In terms of structure, this project will fill in 'the interim' between Claudio's betrothal and his marriage: a necessary interim, for though no dismay would be caused by the telescoping of a week, it would be disturbing if Don John's second stratagem followed right on the heels of his first, for the play would then seem to trade wantonly and continuously in situations of suspense.[11] Yet that Don John should *begin* this second plot in the next scene (II, ii) points a useful contrast between him and his brother: while Don Pedro schemes to make a match, Don John schemes to unmake one.[12]

The first eavesdropping scene, II, iii, introduces Benedick at his most heretical (his scoffing account of Claudio's transformation ironically reflects on his own comic hubris which will so shortly have a fall). The song allows him to indulge his derisive wit, and also provides for Don Pedro's request for music 'tomorrow night . . . at the Lady Hero's chamber window', a reminder of what is in fact to occur there. Apart from this one hint of approaching trouble, however, the scene is straightforwardly comic ('O ay; stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits' . . . 'Bait the hook well; this fish will bite'), exploiting the alternate raising and dashing of Benedick's self-esteem, and turning his opening soliloquy against him by means of the plotters' attribution to Beatrice of all the qualities of his ideal woman (II, 26-34, 154-6, 219-21): Benedick's final resolution 'I will be horribly in love with her', his rehearsed evasions, and his behaviour on Beatrice's entrance, maintain the extravagantly comic tone to the close. The following scene, III, i, applies the same comic theme to Beatrice ('Let there be the same net spread for her', says Don Pedro, II, iii, 203, and there are appropriate images from fishing in II, 26-8, hunting 'couched' hares in I, 30, taming wild hawks in II, 36 and 112, and catching small birds in II, 104-6).

[10]Remarks like Benedick's 'I would not marry her' (II, i, 233-4) are charged with dramatic irony, and are not indications that these characters nurse an unexpressed passion for each other.

[11]There is in fact the usual inconsequential Shakespearean treatment of time. In both the following scenes (II, iii, 84-6, III, i, 100-1) the marriage is assumed to be imminent.

[12]I totally dissent from James Smith's view that this match-making reveals culpable frivolity in the society where it takes place (p. 245; *cf.* p. 251: '. . . Messina, where discussion of serious matters is taboo'). It is not seen as a trivial pastime but as a laudable establishing of harmony, Don John alone being really opposed to it.

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Variety is secured by the use of verse here instead of prose, but the scene has independent force (in fact, far more is made of Benedick's misogamy than of Beatrice's—while 'Benedick the married man' is a key-phrase, there is no comparable stress on Beatrice the married woman) and its value is mainly symmetrical, as Beatrice's rhymed and stylized conclusion confirms. As in II, iii, a reminder of Don John's sinister plot (as contrasted with Don Pedro's benign one) is dropped for the audience when Hero says

> No; rather I will go to Benedick
> And counsel him to fight against his passion.
> And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
> To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
> How much an ill word may empoison liking.[13]

The broadly comic tone of II, iii, is now resumed in the exposure of the love-melancholic Benedick, who defends himself against ridicule by assuming a ridiculous dignity which (I suggest) is developed throughout the rest of the play:

> 'Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear'.

(Compare Malvolio's 'You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element;' *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 119). This comic climax of the scene reached, the entrance of Don John skilfully reintroduces the sombre errors of the main plot. His prose, at once tortuous and epigrammatic, contrasts strikingly with fluent loose good-humoured interchange which he interrupts.[14] That Don Pedro as well as Claudio accepts the possibility that Don John has proofs to show, removes any suspicion that Claudio is eagerly rushing into mistrust; and the announcement here that there will be a public repudiation prepares us to take it for granted when we see it.[15] Indeed, it is made to seem

[13]Those who detect a distinction between 'liking' and 'love' in the Claudio of I, i (*e.g.* Prouty, p. 42) might ponder this passage; from the context it is clear that Benedick's 'liking' is identified with romantic love.

[14]Throughout the play, Don John's prose suggests, by means of its controlled Euphuistic pattern, that his blind hatred of all the others is accompanied by a systematic pursuit of villainy.

[15]Prouty convincingly shows (pp. 47, 62) that such a repudiation would be less offensive to Elizabeth than to modern taste. But his invocations of Tudor practice in his attempt to prove that Claudio's marriage is an unromantic business contract are irrelevant unless we can accept his reading of the text. The whole point of Benedick's comments is that Claudio loves according to the romantic tradition, and Prouty's explanation (p. 58) that 'as Cupid's foe and scorner of "the idle name of love" Benedick is always ready to ridicule the subject whether he has just cause or no' is totally unconvincing.

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the natural alternative to the marriage (the antithetical way in which Claudio and Don Pedro now speak also shows how thoroughly Don John is making them his victims):

Claud. If I see anything tonight/why I should not marry her tomorrow,//in the congregation, where I should wed,/there will I shame her.
D. Pedro And as I wooed for thee to obtain her,/I will join with thee to disgrace her.

This position is clenched by the final stylized ejaculations:

D. Pedro O day untowardly turned!
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
D. John O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

(The exit of Don John with this string of sinister sibilants cannot be accidental).

The comedy of Dogberry's instructions to the watch, with which III, iii open, I take to exist rather for its own sake than for any contribution it makes to the play as a whole.[16] Borachio's elaborate introduction to his story, on the other hand, seems closely linked with the theme of 'errors'—in his case always coupled with dissimulation (in II, ii, 9-10 he promises to cross the marriage 'Not honestly, . . . but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me'); here he dwells on the difference between the form of the outer clothing ('the fashion') and that of its wearer ('a man'), and recounts Don John's plot in which deceit worked upon disguise to produce error. That this plot itself now comes to light through overhearing is both poetically just and also conformable to the whole stage technique of the play.

The scene of Hero's wedding preparations (III, iv) introduces the touch of foreboding with which we are becoming familiar:

'God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy'.

Though this remark is made the bridge whereby we directly pass to the twitting of the lovesick Beatrice (which, like her eavesdropping scene, is a pendant to the similar episode concerning Benedick), a sinister hint again appears with Ursula's mention of Don John among the escort for the bridal procession. Dogberry's encounter with Leonato (III, v) is chiefly a fresh exhibition of the constable's

[16]Though, as Palmer notes (p. 134), the watchmen's stupidity serves a useful function: 'Dogberry has to be sharp enough to discover there is a conspiracy against Hero before it is executed, so that the audience may know in advance that all will come right in the end. But he must also be stupid enough to prevent his discovery from taking effect till the conspiracy has served its turn'.

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combined folly and self-importance.[17] I doubt whether much anxiety for the truth to come out is ever felt during this scene; and such suspense as *is* felt seems (and this may be applied to the whole play) to be intended as pleasurable. One registers Leonato's fussy impatience, of course, but mainly as a foil to Dogberry's sluggish majesty ('It shall be suffigance').

Leonato reappears to open the Church scene (IV, i) as a typically jocular Shakespearean old man (resembling old Capulet in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV, iv). But his characteristic jests, far from relieving the tension, increase it by prolonging it. Further dramatic tension having been secured by Claudio's question to him about his giving-away of Hero (and 'father' and 'son' intensify the irony), the tragic tone asserts itself in a vivid image:

> 'Give not this rotten orange to your friend'.

This and the following speech of Claudio demand an impassioned delivery.[18] Shakespeare is writing as seriously as he knows how. The theme of the false outer semblance (reiterated over and over again by Claudio) is one that constantly recurs in the tragedies.[19] and besides the sincerity of his verse, Claudio has Don Pedro's sober and measured account of what they saw to support him, while Don John's villainous speech (pretending sympathy for Hero while attributing nameless debauches to her) localizes for the audience all the responsibility for the suffering of the scene—suffering in which, it is necessary to insist, Claudio shares—in himself. The next speech of Claudio, with its tone of regretful lamentation (*cf.* Valentine in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V, iv, 62-72, where he vows to renounce the world in his sorrow at Proteus' inconstancy), marks the beginning of the reduction of tension: the stylized verse

> —But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
> Thou pure impiety and impious purity!—

hints at the artificiality of this particular case of 'seeming', and recalls to us the irony underlying the whole scene (Claudio thinks

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[17] James Smith, p. 243, implies some basic lack of self-confidence in Dogberry's character. I do not find this borne out by the text. Dogberry gives no sign of recognizing his own limitations: he is never made to recognize them, as are Falstaff and Elbow (the end of the latter's office is foretold when Escalus asks to be supplied with 'the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish', *Measure for Measure*, II, i, 275-6).

[18] Even if we were not adverted of this by the verse itself, we could deduce it from Leonato's 'Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,/Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,/Wash'd it with tears?'.

[19] It would be tedious to make an extended list. There are particular parallels to Claudio's second speech ('Out on thee seeming! . . .') in *King Lear*, IV, vi, 121-6 ('Behold yond simpering dame . . .') and *Cymbeline*, II, v, (Posthumus' soliloquy).

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that he has penetrated the deceits of appearances, but in fact it now appears that appearances have deceived him). This valuable hint having been dropped, the departure of Claudio, Don Pedro and Don John leaves the way open to the reactions of the other characters. Leonato again resembling old Capulet,[20] passes from senile benignity to grotesque self-pity ('Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?,, '. . . Grieved I, I had but one?') and credulous rage (Benedick's 'Sir, sir, be patient' indicates the ranting tone of the preceding long speech, a tone produced by its strongly rhetorical movement in combination with its violent language—'a beggar's issue', 'a pit of ink'). In marked contrast with this is the personal loyalty of Beatrice's *'O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!'* But the audience, though invited to respond gratefully to this, is more strongly urged to endorse Friar Francis's speech which rises from the confusion with a tone of solid firmly-grounded authority;

> Hear me a little;
> For I have only been silent so long,
> And given way unto this course of fortune
> By noting of the lady; . . .[21]

authority which is backed up impressively:

> Call me a fool;
> Trust not my reading nor my observations,
> Which with experimental seal doth warrant
> The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
> My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
> If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
> Under some biting error.

Leonato's reply shows his despairing prejudice, and Friar Francis continues with a brief detective test (probably more pleasing to the Elizabethan audience than to us) from which he concludes 'There is some strange misprision in the princes'. Benedick's exact diagnosis arrests our attention not only by saying what we all want to say, but by saying it in a quatrain:

> Two of them have the very bent of honour;
> And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
> The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
> Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

After this Leonato's weakness appears even more clearly as he wavers from credulity towards revengefulness (again the rhetoric, the violence, and the jingling rhymes 'find', 'kind', 'mind', notify

[20]See *R. and J.*, III, v, 164-7 (New Cambridge edn. *Much Ado*, pp. xxvi, 141).
[21]I follow here the punctuation, not of the Arden edn., but of Rowe and many later editors. (The first four lines of this speech are printed as prose in Q. 1600 and F. 1623).

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us of extravagance). Friar Francis once more appeals strongly from emotion to reason:

> Pause awhile,
> And let my counsel sway you in this case.

His advice is to issue a report that Hero has died of grief, and so to 'change slander to remorse'. But to cause Claudio sorrow is not an end in itself:

> But not for that dream I on this strange course,
> But on this travail look for greater birth.

What follows is largely an amplification of his first aim: Claudio will mourn Hero's supposed death

> If ever love had interest in his liver,
> And wish he had not so accused her,
> No, though he thought his accusation true;

and the outcome will doubtless be happier than can be guessed. (After this confident prediction, Friar Francis's admission that this happy ending is not inevitable produces little real doubt or suspense). Benedick, with Leonato, agrees to follow these instructions 'secretly and justly'.

The end of the scene cannot without damage be detached from what we have just witnessed. Friar Francis's plan is established as the means to heal the breach of concord behind which Benedick at least can perceive Don John's mischief. The exchange which now follows between Benedick and Beatrice seems to be far less serious than is usually maintained, and to include comic elements which are steadily developed, though the tone is essentially ambiguous and uncertain, as appears from the start:

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

The obvious opposition between the subject of weeping and the characteristic cross-talk manner in which it is introduced continues when the theme of revenge is raised:

Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

The insult piques Benedick into a declaration of love, which he immediately half-withdraws ('Is not that strange?'), and a similarly non-committal reply by Beatrice follows. Benedick grows assertive ('By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me'. . . 'I protest I love thee'). Beatrice responds, though maintaining a hint of derision ('I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest').)With this preparation we reach the crisis of the exchange:

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Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Benedick, lulled into easy complacent generosity, is abruptly shocked out of it. Beatrice begins to sweep out; Benedick grows abject and conciliatory:

Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

When Benedick asks weakly 'Is Claudio thine enemy?', Beatrice abandons this arms-akimbo attitude and launches into an uncontrolled violent outburst:

> 'Is a' not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.[22]

And in spite of Benedick's repeated attempts to calm her, the flow of passion goes on, with increasing momentum:

> 'Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake . . . (etc.)[23]

At last Benedick is brought to the required position:

> 'Enough! I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell'.

This part of the scene, between Benedick and Beatrice, is 'placed' by the scene's beginning. Putting the point crudely, it represents the triumph of emotion over reason; the reasonableness of Friar Francis's plan for Claudo and Hero, and of Benedick's recognition of Don John's malignity.[24] At the same time (and this accounts for

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[22] 'Of course, she would not have done it'. Stopford A. Brooke, *Ten More Plays of Shakespeare*, 1919, p. 27).

[23] Compare Helena's blame of Lysander and Demetrius for their conduct while under magic influence in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 157-9: 'A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,/To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes . . .'

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the complexity of the tone) Beatrice must be presented as genuinely grieving over Hero's reputation, not as capriciously provoking Benedick to demonstrate his valour as a proof of love: her invective must be excessive without being insincere.[25] Furthermore, while emotion's triumph is not laughable in Beatrice, in Benedick it is: his original assurance punctured, he passes by way of anxious concern to a new assurance which involves a self-consciously military bearing, and a speech compact of stiff short phrases and grandiose tags ('Enough' . . . 'By this hand' . . . 'As you hear of me, so think of me' . . . 'And so, farewell').

From the subtly-developing comedy of the end of IV, i we now pass directly to the farcical and ridiculous examination of Conrade and Borachio, beginning with Dogberry's 'Is our whole dissembly appeared?' (IV, ii, 1) and ending with his ambition to have been 'writ down an ass'.[26] This scene, (besides its obvious purpose in advancing the plot) provides a wholly comic interlude between IV, i and V, i, which resemble each other in their ambiguous tone. At the opening of V, i, Antonio is offering stock philosophical comfort to Leonato, whose rejection of it serves a double purpose. On the one hand, Leonato is plainly luxuriating in his sorrows, insisting of his point with an old man's tedious prolixity:

> Bring me a father that so loved his child,
> Whose joy in her is overwhelmed like mine,
> And bid him speak of patience:
> Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
> And let it answer every strain for strain,
> As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
> In every lineament, branch, shape, and form . . .
> But there is no such man . . .'

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[24]Benedick's 'Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead' aptly reminds us of Friar Francis's plan, and that it was produced to counter Leonato's headstrong desire for vengeance. To endorse fully the attitude of Beatrice in this scene is to throw the play off balance: *e.g.*, Palmer, pp. 128-30, Arden edn., p. xxv. A notable instance of the preconception which I am opposing is provided by Quiller-Couch, who, having clearly shown that Friar Francis is the play's 'steadying, sane mind, its *punctum indifferens*', refuses to press the point to its logical conclusion but maintains that it would be 'pedantic' to belittle Beatrice's 'great loyalty' (New Cambridge edn., pp. xiv-xv).

[25]*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

[26]There is an unnoticed pun in 'Dost thou not suspect my years?': *cf.* the interlude *Misogonus* (c. 1570) where the Fool says 'Nothinge greues me but my yeares be so longe/my master will take me for balames asse' (I, ii, 63-4).

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At the same time, Shakespeare (who never cared for stock philosophy)[27] is endorsing the argument, though he has shown himself not uncritical of its proposer:

> . . . for brother, men
> Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
> Which they themselves not feel; but, feeling it,
> Their counsel turns to passion, which before
> Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
> Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
> Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

And in Leonato's next speech these two attitudes are amalgamated by the deliberately grotesque juxtapositions:

> I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;
> For there was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache patiently,
> However they have writ the style of gods,
> And made a push at chance and sufferance.

('Made a push' is the equivalent of 'pulled a contemptuous face', and it stands in comic association with writing 'the style of gods': 'toothache' and 'philosopher' have the same relation). An audience adverted by this ambiguous style can query the wisdom of Antonio's 'Make those that do offend you suffer too', and detect the grand unintentional irony of Leonato's reply: 'There thou speak'st reason':[28]

> There thou speak'st reason: nay I will do so.
> My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
> And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince,
> And all of them that thus dishonour her.

At this moment the entry of Don Pedro and Claudio precipitates the quarrel. Don Pedro, again the model of tact, tries to avoid it ('Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man'), but Leonato insists on thrusting it upon them, drawing a sarcastic comment from Claudio which does not mend matters (but Friar Francis did not intend him to learn of Hero's 'death' in these circumstances). Leonato is vehement about his 'innocent child' (II, 63, 67, 78) and tends to rant, though like Beatrice in IV, i, he is obviously sincere in his rage ('My soul doth tell me Hero is belied'). Nevertheless he is going against Friar Francis's better judgment (since Hero is not dead, what justification can he have for killing Claudio, except such as is supplied by personal vindictiveness and the 'point d'honneur'); and that to do this is fundamentally unreasonable appears plainly in Antonio's perversion of the quarrel into one between the good old

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[27]Compare, *e.g.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, III, iii, 52-70: *Richard II*, I, iii, 275-303: *Othello*, I, iii, 202-19.

[28]Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, ii 115*ff.*, where there occurs a similar invocation of 'reason' in circumstances of strong dramatic irony.

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days and modern youth ('Come follow me, boy; come, sir boy; come follow me,/Sir boy . . .': 'Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milk-sops!': 'Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys . . .'). Antonio indeed becomes so headstrong that the former pupil in patience is now reduced to trying to calm the philosopher ('Brother,—': 'Brother Antony,—': 'But, brother Antony,—': and each time Antonio cuts him short).[29] These outbursts are thrown into perspective by Don Pedro's sober reply:

> Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
> My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
> But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
> But what was true and very full of proof.

Still unappeased, the old men go out, to be replaced by Benedick. In view of what we saw at the end of IV, i, this encounter is charged with irony. Don Pedro's greeting ('Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray'—the point is bluntly reinforced by Claudio)), while closing one extravagant incident, opens another yet more preposterous; for Benedick is still seeing himself as the hero who wastes no words. Claudio's reason for seeking him admittedly sounds crude in the context ('his melancholy' produced by Hero's disloyalty in IV, i was not the sort that any amount of wit should be able to 'beat away'), and Shakespeare's object is evidently to occasion Benedick's smart rejoinder.[30] Don Pedro suspects anger in Benedick (who, in very stiff and formal terms, is privately challenging Claudio, who responds with a mixture of indignation and ridicule), and tactfully tries to bring the conversation back to a harmless basis. It is ironical that he should choose just the subject to enrage Benedick—forswearing a promise made to Beatrice.[31] Further attempts to joke make the situation worse, and Benedick takes a grandiose leave, with echoes of his earlier over-dignified manner ('your gossip-like humour': *cf.* 'these hobby-horses', III, ii, 64). The comments of the other two, far from reflecting adversely on their lack of seriousness,[32] form a telling diagnosis of Benedick's condition:

D. Pedro He is in earnest.

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[29]These interruptions echo Benedick's interruptions of Beatrice in IV, i. In both cases they emphasize the lack of emotional control in the character to whom they are addressed.

[30]Shakespeare's difficulty again appears when they banter Benedick about his eavesdropping of II, iii,: 'the old man's daughter told us all'. Hero's name can't be mentioned, at this stage of the play, in a purely comic association.

[31] 'For he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he foreswore on Tuesday morning'.

[32]J. Smith. p. 256.

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Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.
D. Pedro And hath challenged thee.
Claud. Most sincerely.
D. Pedro What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!
Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.[33]

Though this complacent attitude of Don Pedro and Claudio is not endorsed either (they act in ignorance of Hero's innocence, and their absolute reliance on reason has to some degree laid them open to a charge of coldness), they are exonerated from the serious blame that Beatrice and the old men heap on them. Moreover, Don Pedro at once begins to extract the substance of Benedick's wild speech: 'Did he not say my brother was fled?' Suspicion grows with the entry of 'two of my brother's men bound', and is confirmed with Borachio's confession (in which the emphatic 'I have deceived even your very eyes'—*i.e.*, you had to believe me—fully excuses them of over credulity). The effect on Claudio is exactly as Friar Francis prophesied:

> Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
> In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Leonato now enters and makes a characteristically wild charge against Claudio and Don Pedro; to which Claudio's reply, far from being 'ungracious',[34] is a model of contrition and restraint:

> I know not how to pray your patience;
> Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
> Impose me to what penance your invention
> Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
> But in mistaking.
> *D. Pedro* By my soul, nor I:
> And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
> I would bend under any heavy weight
> That he'll enjoin me to.

These lines are strong pointers for the audience: they insist that the blame attaches to the villains who devised the plot, not to the well-intentioned men who repent that they were deceived by it; and they also establish that Leonato's passion, though unreasonable, was understandable ('this good old man').[35] Leonato's calm reply sets the tone of reconciliation which will be maintained to the play's

[33]I take the meaning of this speech to be: Then a fool (O.E.D., 'ape', *sb.*, 4) would take him for a hero, but in fact an ape (the animal) is, compared with him, a wise person.

[34]Palmer, p. 113: 'Even in promising amends they protest that they were never to blame.

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end, and his offer to mark the renewed concord by marrying Claudio to a niece of his foretells the dénouement.[36]

The rest of the play is an uninterrupted progress towards this goal. After a dialogue of flippant indecency with Margaret, Benedick has a soliloquy where he considers his inadequacy as a romantic lover. When Beatrice joins him it is notable how casually the subject of the challenge is now treated. It becomes first a vehicle for Beatrice's wit ('Foul words is but foul wind, etc.') and is then resumed only to vanish again:

> 'Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?'

The fact that Beatrice makes no approving comment on its delivery indicates that the challenge has by now dwindled to a matter of do-this-for-my-sake.

The scene of Claudio's mourning provides a pleasurably pathetic interlude which puts a keener edge on the happy dénouement. The indication that this dénouement is approaching seems, however, crude and tasteless:

> *D. Pedro* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,
> And then to Leonato's we will go.
> *Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
> Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!

The final scene opens with the justification of Friar Francis's plan. Antonio's comment sums up the situation:

> Well, I am glad that all things sorts so well.

—to which Benedick adds

> And so am I, being else by faith enforced
> To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

(He relinquishes with relief his rôle of champion of the innocent but derives some pleasure from reflecting on it.) Benedick asks for Beatrice's hand, and fails to see the full significance of Leonato's

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[35]Shakespeare's evident concern to distribute moral judgments clearly and justly appears from his care for the reputation of so minor a character as Margaret: V, i, 290-6, V, iv, 4-6.

[36] 'And she alone is heir to both of us' has been interpreted as a financial bait offered to Claudio (J. Smith, p. 245: Prouty, p. 47). The point is rather that the closest that Claudio can come to forming an alliance with Leonato is in marrying this [fictitious] niece. That Claudio interprets this marriage as the sign of his forgiveness is plain from his reply to the offer: 'Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me'.

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merry references to the eavesdropping scenes. With Claudio's arrival there is (though no ambiguity) a marked juxtaposition of two tones: Claudio begins in his repentant and self-sacrificing key ('I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope'), but immediately participates in jesting at Benedick's expense, resuming his original attitude in the middle of a line:

> For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.[37]

The unmasking of the bride to reveal that she is Hero is perhaps a deliberate reminiscence of the masked ball at which the confusions of the play began. With Beatrice's unmasking, the truth about the eavesdropping scenes at last comes out (in an appropriately 'patterned' exchange); but the success of Don Pedro's plan has been such that the production of the lovers' sonnets (which comes straight from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii) merely confirms what is already assured. The final remarks about the challenge underline its ridiculous aspects: Benedick in particular is very magnanimous:

> 'For thy part Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin'.

The completeness of Benedick's recantation is underlined by his wish to marry off Don Pedro; and the play ends with a casual gesture, in blank verse which drops straight back into prose, towards poetic justice on Don John, and (at this point a matter of more consequence) with a dance.

The conclusions suggested by the foregoing analysis may now be briefly summarized.

In terms of character, the generally-adopted reading distorts the play by displacing its emphasis. Most critics blame Claudio's credulity and/or his public repudiation of Hero; all of them justify Beatrice's revengeful invective against Claudio (or, to speak more accurately, they fail to recognize that it does not justify itself), and respect Benedick's courage in the challenge scene. In reality, Claudio is exonerated, chiefly by the facts that Don John (as villain) draws all censure on himself and that Don Pedro (hitherto the norm, the reasonable man) is also deceived. But the effect of implicating Don Pedro in errors is that a new point of reference must be created: and this is Friar Francis. His plan marks the balance of reason and emotion (he reached it 'by noting of the lady': by the methodical employment of intuition). It is by reference to this plan that the actions of the other characters must be henceforth judged. Beatrice's intuition is right as regards Hero's innocence, but (being unsupported by reason) it is wrong as regards Claudio's guilt. Leonato has neither reason nor intuition to guide him and oscillates between conflicting violent emotions. Antonio is like Leonato, but is more comic in that

[37] 'For this I owe you': *i.e.*, I'll be even with you for that jest (*cf.* III, iii, 98): 'here comes other reckonings': *i.e.*, but at present I must pay my moral debt to Leonato and to Hero's memory.

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he imagines himself a qualified adviser. Claudio and Don Pedro, having taken the evidence of their eyes as absolute truth, are appropriately deceived into believing themselves to act reasonably when in fact they are building with cool confidence on a false foundation. Benedick the challenger is ludicrous on several grounds: he has allowed Beatrice's emotional persuasion that the guilt is Claudio's to over-ride his own reasonable certainty that it is Don John's; he has, in so yielding, removed himself further from his original heretical standpoint and has (more than in the eavesdropping scene) become a notable argument of love's power over its reluctant victims; finally, in his zeal to fulfil his lady's wishes, he has developed a strain of absurd nobility. In fact, the last two acts of the play continuously affirm the inadequacy of both merely 'emotional' and merely 'rational' conduct in the grip of error.

The play is, in a sense, a comedy of errors. The theme is 'The course of true love never did run smooth', and it is by errors, either self-created or the fruit of deliberate villainy, that love's course is impeded. Don John twice promotes error by exploiting the deceitful possibilities of appearances (at the masked ball and at Hero's window). The stage technique of the play, by employing at least five overhearings, one apparent disguise (Margaret's) and several masked encounters, underlines the theme of errors springing from appearances. The thematic connexion between the two plots is that both are love-plots hindered by the deceit of appearances: from evidence which only 'seems' satisfactory, Claudio wrongly deduces that Hero's virtue is only 'seeming'; the other plot deals with Benedick who 'seems' a woman-hater and with Beatrice who 'seems' unmarriageable, while each 'seems' to be particularly averse to the other.

It is my contention that the title, *Much Ado About Nothing*, relates to this tangled web of errors and in particularly to those of the fourth and fifth acts. Since the challenges of Leonato, Antonio and Benedick do nothing to promote the happy ending (indeed, they all postpone it) their purpose is firstly to sustain the interest by developing the entanglements of the characters, and secondly to exhibit those characters in so doing: and both these for entertainment and amusement.

Not only the Benedick-Beatrice plot but also the Claudio-Hero plot has light entertainment as its object. It does not qualify as 'tragic' on the strength of the rejection and a few speeches. Its essential feature (like that of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, also a comedy of entanglements, though the agents there are mischievous fairies, not Machiavellian villains)[38] is that the happy ending is never in any real doubt. In view of this assurance, though the entanglements provide suspense and pathos these are meant to be pleasure-

[38]It is significant that Shakespeare has substituted the largely motiveless Don John for the rival lover of the sources. The play is not meant to be primarily a conflict between characters and other characters, but between characters and their own errors.

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able and not to form a serious distraction from the main comic-romantic tone. In short, the play is not a tragi-comedy in intention.[39]

Nor, if my account of acts IV and V is accepted, is it a tragi-comedy through Shakespeare's failure to make it a successful comedy. In fact I take it to be a largely admirable essay in sympathetic irony. (The point is that sincerity and absurdity are not incompatible in the characters). We are not invited to watch the last two acts with callous detachment, any more than we are invited to identify ourselves unreservedly with half the characters and (equally unreservedly) to condemn the other half.

There are, admittedly, certain points at which Shakespeare's success is only partial. These have already been indicated and need be only briefly recalled here. They all occur in the last two acts, and all have the same apparent origin: Shakespeare's inescapable difficulty in realizing his complex intentions in terms of stage dialogue. Thus Claudio's speeches in IV, i must be impassioned and evident signals of his sincerity, yet the audience must preserve a degree of detachment proper to the knowledge that he is deceived and will in time be disabused; in practice, the early speeches impinge with too tragic a tone, though the stylized final speech redresses the balance. Much the same difficulty occurs in V, i, in which Leonato's genuine grief must be left in no doubt while his absurd senile testiness must be made equally clear; and in the Beatrice-Benedick episode at the end of IV, i, where it is aggravated by the fact that while Beatrice's behaviour must remain over-emotional but sincere, Benedick's sincere response must grow increasingly comic, and accordingly the whole passage is cast in the form of one of their characteristic exchanges. The encounter of Benedick and Claudio in V, i, must also take the form of a wit combat to bring out Benedick's self-dramatized heroism, and so Claudio's sorrow over the 'guilt' of Hero is temporarily ignored. Finally, the necessary insistence on the approach of the happy ending is at times responsible for over-brisk changes of tone, in particular at the end of Claudio's mourning scene and in his alternately contrite and vivacious speeches in the final scene. With these reservations, however, there is nothing to prevent our complete enjoyment of the subtle comedy that Shakespeare is offering; certainly there is no reason why we should find it in any sense a failure.

T. W. CRAIK.

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[39]Fletcher's definition in the preface to *The Faithful Shepherdess* (Q. 1, *c.* 1609-10) is a convenient statement of the contemporary view:

> 'A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy'.

I hope at a later time to consider *The Merchant of Venice*.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE RESPONSIBLE CRITIC

My article on 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time' (*Essays in Criticism*, Jan. 1953), on which Dr. F. R. Leavis has commented at such embarrassing length and with such intimidating 'astringency' (it is his own word) in the last issue of *Scrutiny*, was written under difficulties—a lot of it in a public ward while recovering from an operation—and I dare say there are passages in it that are ill-considered or clumsily expressed. But is it really, taken as a whole, the absolute nonsense Dr. Leavis seems to believe? Though the opinion naturally is a biassed one, I cannot help thinking he exaggerates the article's deficiencies. In the nature of things any attempt to define a new and more or less coherent critical position in twenty-six fairly short pages has to run the risk of occasional oversimplifications. Arnold's classical essay, which provided my own point of departure, is not guiltless in that respect. Be that as it may, there is certainly some exaggeration in Dr. Leavis's references to *Essays in Criticism's* editorial programme. The unwary reader might gather from his first paragraph that *Essays in Criticism* was founded for the sole purpose of showing up and combating the unscholarliness of *Scrutiny*. In point of fact its founders are all admirers of *Scrutiny*, who wished to provide Oxford with a journal that might perform a complementary function in that university to the one performed so brilliantly by *Scrutiny* at Cambridge. It is true that *Essays in Criticism* aspires to a higher level of literary scholarship, but this difference in our policies is surely far less important than the serious interest in literature shared by both journals. Dr. Leavis's references to *Scrutiny* seem to me equally exaggerated. On page 181 of his article he makes the astonishing claim that in the whole of *Scrutiny's* twenty years' life 'its judgments have invariably turned out to be right'. *Quod est absurdum*. This is not to deny that *Scrutiny's* judgments have *generally* been right (no critic now alive has made fewer mistakes than Dr. Leavis), or that *Scrutiny*, when it was at its best, was a far better journal than *Essays in Criticism* is now or is ever likely to become.

Dr. Leavis devotes nearly half his article to a minute and sometimes rather niggling examination of some brief comments of mine on two passages from Marvell and Pope which he had originally juxtaposed in *Revaluation*. The Marvell lines—

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A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain Head, and double Heart.

receive the following comment in *Revaluation*: 'The familiar turn of that close, a turn not confined to Marvell, of whom, however, the supreme representative of seventeenth-century urbanity, it is most characteristic, surely has affinities with a characteristic effect of Pope's longer couplet'. Four lines were then quote from *The Dunciad*:

First slave to words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

After which Dr. Leavis inserted a reservation—'But such particularity of resemblance may hinder as well as help'—before passing on to discuss some lines from Henry King's *Exequy*. It was all as clear as houses. If words mean anything at all Dr. Leavis's point in making this collocation in *Revaluation* was to suggest that the resemblances in the last line of each of the passages quoted *typified* in some way the affinities between Marvell's poetry and Pope's. If he hadn't meant that, what can his object have been in selecting these particular passages for quotation? Of course the passages also possess other qualities which may or may not have been shared by the two poets, but in 1936 at any rate Dr. Leavis obviously expected the 'particularity of resemblance' to 'help' the reader to take his point, if on reflection he also realized it might 'hinder'. I cannot understand, therefore, why he should now berate me (page 164) for attributing to him an interest in 'the verbal similarity between the last lines of the passages from Marvell and Pope'. That he was wrong in finding the similarity significant, as he now seems to admit, does not alter the fact that he did once make this mistake—which in any case is not of any great importance. My reason for citing it in my article was not to catch out *Revaluation*, a book for which I have considerable respect, but to show in a striking example how the same words tend to assume different meanings in Metaphysical and Augustan poetry. Dr. Leavis had simply saved me the trouble, as I thought, of hunting out an example for myself of the difference between purely verbal and 'stylistic' levels of meaning.

In themselves Dr. Leavis's expansions and elaborations of his earlier comments on the two passages are persuasive and often acute. But instead of refuting my thesis he tends to talk round it. I had argued (i) that, as Marvell used the words *head* and *heart*, the sense-impression predominated, whereas for Pope the words were primarily conceptual, and (ii) that the general linguistic trend represented by these passages had resulted here in a distortion or enfeeblement of the poetic argument. Dr. Leavis seems to think that he has disposed of my first point by showing that there are non-sensuous elements in Marvell's poems. Of course there are. There

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are non-sensuous elements in the Emblem Books. If Dr. Leavis will turn to Emblem VIII in the fifth Book of Quarles's *Emblemes*, he will find a crude exemplification of the convention in which Marvell was writing—a skeleton lolling in a sitting posture (the Body) with a kneeling figure inside it (the Soul). The essence of the paradoxical relationship was that the idea of the mutual dependence of body and soul could only be explored in physical terms. 'How do we see the Soul?', Dr. Leavis asks. '. . . we certainly do not *see* the Soul hanging in its "Chains" ' (pp. 166-7). Well, Quarles saw his Soul. And if, as is surely the case, the comparison of the network of human nerves, arteries and veins with the chains fastened round a dead criminal's body (in order that it might not disintegrate) is a visual metaphor, how can the reader fail to complete the metaphor by *seeing* the soul in the corpse on the gallows? I suspect that Dr. Leavis has missed the full force of the allusion.

My second point depended upon the hierarchical pre-eminence of the head and the heart in Marvell's time. A poem in which the feet, the hands, the eyes, the ears, and the nerves, arteries and veins receive more memorable treatment than the head and the heart would have puzzled and disturbed a seventeenth-century reader. Dr. Leavis's insistence on reading everything written in English as though it was written yesterday has in this instance accidentally improved Marvell's poem for him. And Pope's lines are misunderstood in much the same way. I had complained that *slave, vassal* and *dupe* are 'virtually interchangeable' in this passage. To show how wrong I am Dr. Leavis proceeds to analyse the lines:

> 'Words should be servants—the servants of thought and of the thinker; the badly educated child is made a "slave to words" (the cliché has point, as clichés usually have). Such a child, grown to political years, naturally becomes "vassal to a Name". The felicity of this expression takes us beyond cliché (the "mastery of language" shown here is characteristic of Pope): the relation of personal subservience to a great patrician name (and a "mere name", it is suggested)—a relation substituting for service of Principle—is with special point described contemptuously by the feudal term in an age in which feudalism is Gothick. And such an initiate into politics, expecting his reward for faithful service of Party, finds himself a "dupe": he has been used, but can command no substantial recognition from "Int'rest that waves on parti-colour'd wings' (p. 171).

It will not be necessary to refute Dr. Leavis's analysis in detail. All I need do is to quote the first sentence of the Pope-Warburton note on these lines:

> 'A Recapitulation of the whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools, subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities, and deludes them with the names of *Party-distinctions* in the World'.

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Not to put too fine a point on it, Dr. Leavis has misunderstood, more or less completely, all three of Pope's phrases. Slavery to 'Words' refers to the way in which Latin and Greek were taught in eighteenth-century schools; the 'Name' to which the adolescent pays homage is not that of a member of the nobility but the philosophical system taught in the universities; and it is party slogans that dupe the young man and not the politicians' promises of pickings and sinecures. I know that it is human to err, but the mistake about 'vassal to a Name' is a fairly gross error. That what Pope really meant by the words was in fact something very like 'a slave or dupe of Aristotelianism' is confirmed by the Pope-Warburton note on *Dunciad* IV, 255-71.

No doubt a misreading of two lines in *The Dunciad* is not in itself a very serious matter. What is more disturbing are the reading habits Dr. Leavis's analysis exemplifies. Taken by themselves and in isolation from what precedes and succeeds them anybody might misread Pope's lines as Dr. Leavis has done, but in Book IV of *The Dunciad* and as spoken by Silenus (Thomas Gordon) the process of corruption described in the couplet must be an intellectual one and the corrupting agents (schoolmasters, dons political pamphleteers) must *necessarily* be men of words rather than deeds. The most perfunctory attention to the context of Pope's lines would have saved Dr. Leavis's face. And this brings me to his comments on the central thesis of my article—that a work of literature can only be usefully criticized in terms of its original context. My mistake, according to Dr. Leavis, is that by introducing this notion of context I am abandoning 'something determinate—something indubitably *there*' (page 174) for something indeterminate. 'The poem', he says, 'is a determinate thing; it is *there*', whereas 'there is nothing to correspond—nothing answering to Mr. Bateson's "social context" that can be set over against the poem, or induced to establish itself round it as a kind of framework' (*ibid.*). Dr. Leavis does not explain, however, in what sense the poem is *there* (wherever *there* is). I imagine he must mean that the poem, as we meet it on the printed page, consists of certain specific words arranged in a certain determinate order. But strictly speaking, of course, there is nothing *there*, nothing objectively apprehensible, except a number of conventional black marks. The meanings of the words, and therefore *a fortiori* the meaning of the whole poem, are emphatically not *there*. To discover their meaning we have to ask what they meant to their author and his original readers, and if we are to recover their full meaning, the connotations as well as the denotations, we shall often find ourselves committed to precisely those stylistic, intellectual and social explorations that Dr. Leavis now deplores. There is no alternative—*except to invent the meanings ourselves*. Dr. Leavis is in fact opening the door to sheer subjectivism. The degree and intensity of the exploration will naturally depend upon the remoteness of the particular poem from ourselves, but some contextual readjustment is inevitable all the time, even in reading a contemporary. I was trying in my article to analyse

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this process of adjustment. I may not have succeeded, but that it calls for analysis is surely self-evident. Dr. Leavis's further complaint that the explorer 'may go on and on—indeterminately' (page 174) has more basis. I suppose we are all reluctant in reading Marvell to follow Miss Wallerstein back to the Fathers—or Miss Tuve, in reading Herbert, into the intricacies of the mediæval service. But the whole point of the contextual apparatus that I proposed in my article was to simplify the reader's problems by showing the final dependence of the various levels of context on what I called the 'social context'. I was not piling up unnecessary difficulties so much as trying by the formulation of an *organon* to prevent the serious reader from succumbing to the time-wasting temptations to ingenious mis-reading now dangled before us by the most talented contemporary critics, English and American, including very occasionally Dr. Leavis himself.

I will not deny that Dr. Leavis's acerbities have hurt and distressed me. I had hoped that in their different ways *Essays in Criticism* and *Scrutiny* might co-operate in the common pursuit of true literary judgment. It is his ideal, as he has often assured us, and it is also the ideal of *Essays in Criticism's* Editorial Board. Is such a co-operation, with the agreement to differ that it implies and requires on the marginal issues, impossible even now? The question is not intended to be a rhetorical one. In any case let me assure him that if I had realized how he would react to my article I would certainly have phrased it differently. I had not thought that anything in it exceeded the bounds of fair criticism. If it did, as apparently it did, I hope he will accept my apologies.

F. W. BATESON.

I am sorry that Mr. Bateson has been ill. I replied in good faith to the challenge he printed—and printed (I have to remind him) with the explicit assurance that it had ' obtained the general approval of most of ' his colleagues. And I have to add now that he shows no sign of feeling that he has grounds for reproaching them (though, in the special unfortunate circumstances, was it not peculiarly incumbent on them to perform their duty responsibly and with rigour—their duty towards Mr. Bateson and *Essays in Criticism*?) He shows no sign, in fact, of recognizing that my replies exposed any serious weakness in his manifesto, which he still seems to think defensible and sufficiently well-considered. He puts me, then, in a difficult position; for I am very far from wishing to hurt and distress him any more, yet his rejoinder, I can only say, confirms and justifies, with a completeness that the most sanguine controversialist can seldom, in his dreams, have hoped for from a rejoining adversary, the criticism he deprecates.

He asserts again that superiority in scholarship the pretension to which I had noted as the distinctive mark of *Essays in Criticism,*

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and he demonstrates again with a truly remarkable conclusiveness that what he conceives to be a use of scholarship can only promote an incapacity to read poetry. That superior scholarship of his feeds its confidence on misconception. With what aplomb he tells me that I insist on 'reading everything in English as though it was written yesterday'! The fact that his formulation points to is that *I* have read Marvell's poem, whereas he insisted—and still insists—on busying himself with his apparatus of interpretation instead. Let me tell him that I have also read other poems of Marvell, and read them a great deal, and that I have read a great deal of other seventeenth-century poetry. I have even heard of Quarles, and have even read him. And it seems to me that Mr. Bateson might well have been better qualified to read Marvell's poem if *he* had not read Quarles, and had not turned to Emblem VIII in the fifth Book. He tells us that the picture he describes is a 'crude exemplification of the tradition in which Marvell was *writing*' (my italics). That odd proposition might have passed if it had led to Mr. Bateson's showing us how utterly different a thing from an attempt to present such an Emblem in words Marvell's poem is. But what Mr. Bateson in his essay actually told us about the *Dialogue* was:

> 'It is the kind of allegory that was popularized in the early seventeenth century by the Emblem Books, in which a more or less conventional concept is dressed up in some striking new clothes, the new clothes being the real *raison d'être*'.

So convinced is he that Marvell's poem *must* be *this* that he could talk, in his essay, of 'Marvell's picture-language', a description the disastrous falsity of which I still suppose myself to have demonstrated; for he produces no reason for believing otherwise. And to my careful ('niggling') account of the *Dialogue* as a superlatively successful poem of an extremely original kind (and not, as Mr. Bateson judges, one that betrays a 'half-realization' in Marvell that 'his medium was on its last legs, and could no longer be taken with complete seriousness'), Mr. Bateson replies, in effect, that I must be wrong, because in my ignorance (having missed, he 'suspects', the 'full force of the allusion'), I can't see that the *Dialogue* asks us to control and limit our response with a visualization of Quarles's Emblem. For this belief about the poem he gives no grounds, except his conviction that it clearly *must* be so, because Marvell is writing in that convention. I demonstrate that it is *not* so, by giving a detailed analysis of what the poem actually does, and Mr. Bateson replies that my ignorance 'has in this instance accidentally improved Marvell's poem for him'.

But for that 'accidentally' I should have supposed Mr. Bateson to be intending irony. As it is I can only take him to mean that, by some freak of chance, my analysis has the convincing effect of applying to the poem, so that, if you read this without keeping your mind on Quarles, you find yourself reading the remarkably subtle and successful poem I analyse—which only shows (that appears to be

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Mr. Bateson's moral) how important it is to hold firmly on to your scholarship. He doesn't dispute that, if you read the text 'as if it had been written yesterday' (*his* phrase, of course, not mine), you have the poem that I establish in analysis. But it is an illicit poem, illicitly better than the one that Marvell actually wrote, and it must be rejected by the responsible critic.

The nature of Mr. Bateson's reliance on scholarship is perhaps, if not so astonishingly, even more revealingly exemplified in his fresh demonstration upon Pope. He has caught me out!—this time (the happy confidence speaks in his prose) there can be no question:

> 'It will not be necessary to refute Dr. Leavis's analysis in detail. All I need do is to quote the first sentence of the Pope-Warburton note on these lines'.

All he need do!—the scholar-critic knows of the note that tells us authoritatively the official meaning of the lines, he produces the note, and that settles the matter. It will not be necessary to read the lines. And in his assurance of the finality of this piece of scholarship he remains still happy about his assertion that 'slave', 'vassal' and 'dupe' are 'virtually interchangeable', as also are 'Bounded', 'narrow'd' and 'contracted' ('These tautologies can't have been *meant* by Pope'.)

That he should be able to see tautologies here demonstrates neatly what his kind of approach does for the understanding of poetry. I (he must believe, though the news will clearly surprise him) had read the 'Warburton-Pope note'. I found—and find—in it nothing essential that I hadn't already gathered from the text itself. I say 'nothing essential', since I assumed—and assume still—that how such a text is to be read, and how much (or how little) such a note helps towards the attainment of a right reading, must be determined finally by a study of the text. It hadn't occurred to me that any note, by anyone, could be taken as settling for us authoritatively what we are to find in Pope's poetry. Mr. Bateson's ability to believe otherwise—I rub my eyes at the evidence that he does—exposes with neat conclusiveness the nature of scholarly control as applied in 'contextual' interpretation. It explains—if a belief so astonishing can be said to explain—his being able to flatten Pope's essential felicities of distinction into tautologies. The 'Name', he tells us with triumphant finality, 'to which the adolescent pays homage is not that of a member of the nobility but the philosophical system taught in the universities, and it is party slogans that dupe the young man and not the politician's promises of pickings and sinecures'. The authoritative note tells us this, and that settles it.

Actually, the note doesn't tell us this: the 'nots' are not there; but for Mr. Bateson they are necessarily implied—they have to be if the note is to serve the ends of the responsible critic. And so the effect of the scholarly method of control is to reduce Pope to saying that the child is slave to Words, the adolescent is slave to a philosophical system (Words again), and the young man slave to Words (the 'names of Party-distinctions')—thus, Mr. Bateson feels, for the

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reiterated 'slave' we might equally well substitute a reiterated 'vassal' or 'dupe'.

But if Mr. Bateson had not provided himself with his method and the distracting largenesses of his ambition, could he have failed to see that Pope's shift to 'vassal' has an effect on 'Name' that no note could undo even if it tried? The failure is the more portentous because any ordinarily perceptive reader of those lines as they come in their context must have noticed how largely the wit and poetry of the *Dunciad* rely on the *double entendre,* the pun and the kindred play on words. And it shows an odd unfamiliarity with Pope's habit in developing an attack, or a line of argument, to assume that, when he offers to exhibit the ill-consequences of a defective education, he must be confining himself to the narrow—and pointless—kind of consistency preferred by Mr. Bateson. Pope here exhibits his characteristic strength; his 'vassal' and 'dupe', far from being disguised repetitions of 'slave', are both creative words; and if Mr. Bateson, in giving (we must suppose) his so much more than perfunctory attention to the context of the lines in question and had been able to take the force of those immediately following, he would have seen that Pope there, so far from submitting the development of his case against the 'whole Course of Modern Education' to the canons of the 'contextual' interpreter, has turned his art to imputing, with whatever lack of strict logical cogency, a sinister responsibility for the social and political scene in general.

I hope that Mr. Bateson won't now, shifted at last, tell us that the 'Name' to which the 'finish'd Son' is 'vassal' *must,* therefore, be the Queen, so that I was wrong in suggesting any lesser notability.

On the other hand, if he feels moved to complain that these are further acerbities, I hope he will remind himself that *he* has been the challenger, and that, by the terms of his own large offer, a great deal more than my *amour propre* is involved in my reply to his criticisms, his defence of which exposes so strikingly the nature of his misconceptions. The apologies with which he incongruously ends his rejoinder are wholly out of place. There was no danger, I assure him, of my being hurt, and if I have found his criticisms deplorable, it is not because they are 'unfair', or damaging to *me.*

I do not even feel that Mr. Bateson's insistence on his right to misrepresent my argument in *Revaluation* is a matter for *apology*: it is so pointless at this stage. If my contention *had* been what he makes it, his commentary would still have been the exhibition of false assumptions, misconceptions, and irrelevancies that it is. But I do suggest that he should look again at those pages of mine, and consider whether a critical argument may not have to be more complex and delicate than any allowed for in his own scheme; he may then see that the 'reservation' introducing the lines from King is not the product of misgiving, or the evasive tactic, he judges it to be, but part of a process of definition, and that such a process may involve more than two terms of comparison if it is to indicate at all precisely the particular 'affinities' that are in question ('verbal' is Mr. Bateson's gift).

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He has already reproached me with answering his initial challenge at 'embarrassing length', so I will not take the plunge into epistemology to which he invites me (it is, in fact, unnecessary). I will merely point again to the extreme fallaciousness of the assumption that the 'contextual' methods he has demonstrated give us, or tend to give us, the meanings that Marvell's words and Pope's words had for Marvell and Pope. There is a quaint irony in his being able to suggest that *I*, refusing to adopt *his* methods, am driven to inventing the meanings myself. Nothing is plainer than that the arbitrary odds and ends of fact, assumption, and more-or-less historical summary that he produces as 'context' serve him merely as licence for not, in any serious sense, reading the poem—for, that is, substituting with confidence something of his own (and something that we can see to be grotesquely inferior to what the poet offers). And he has not done anything to invalidate (quite the contrary, in fact) my observation that the 'total context' to which these odds and ends point, he thinks, as an ideal is a mere postulate, betraying muddle and misconception—an illusion the pursuit of which would never propose itself to anyone whose attention, focussed on Marvell's *Dialogue* or the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, was held and directed by the perception that *here* is remarkable poetry. For the reader capable of such recognition the poem is 'there', and the process by which we justify our natural assumption that such a poem can be established as something of common access in which minds can meet, so that if we differ about it our differences are intelligent and profitable, and can perhaps be substantially eliminated, and do not in any case invalidate our convinced working assumption that our perceptions and judgments meet in the poem—this process, comparative and collaborative as it essentially is, demands above all many close and sensitive readings of the text. But why Mr. Bateson should insist that anyone who rejects his 'contextual' prescription, along with its damning results, must be reading Marvell or Pope with the naïve and ignorant eye that brings no other relevant knowledge and experience than what derives from poems written yesterday I do not know. I am not, however (I assure him) hurt or offended by his assumption of my blank ignorance, but merely amused. He may see in this a manifestation of my *suffisance*, for I will go on to say that I do not consider myself to have been convicted of knowing so enormously less about the seventeenth century and the Augustan period than Mr. Bateson knows. Knowledge (as I have already said) is needed for the critic's work, but the most essential kind of knowledge can come only from an intelligent frequentation of the poetry—the poetry of the age in question, and the poetry of other ages; and in the measure in which you commit yourself to ideas and theories like Mr. Bateson's you debar yourself from that. Some of the essential meanings that one has to recognize are *created* by the poet, but this possibility (as his 'impenitence' about his handling of Marvell's dialogue so signally demonstrates), Mr. Bateson cannot permit himself to entertain.

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As for the challenge I threw out regarding the record of *Scrutiny*, that was a considered one. I had first written: 'its judgments have *almost* invariably turned out to be right'. I afterwards eliminated the 'almost' because it seemed to me merely pusillanimous. The challenge had—if I may reclaim a word that Mr. Bateson has put to his own uses—a context. I was insisting on an aspect of the function of criticism that his essay, in spite of the large promise of its title, had wholly ignored: 'In the creating, with reference to the appropriate criteria—the creating in an intelligent public—of a valid sense of the contemporary chart (as it were), or sense of the distribution of value and significance as a mind truly alive in the age would perceive them, the "function of criticism at the present time" has its fulfilment.' The challenge, with the force given it by the context, seems to me wholly justified. It has, of course, the implicit form: 'This is so, is it not?' As far as I know (unless he is prepared to stand by Wyndham Lewis), the only dissent hazarded by Mr. Bateson is that he remains 'impenitent' about Auden—and he has done nothing to make that impenitence respectable.

It is because the plight of the function of criticism at the present time does seem to me a matter of such urgent importance that I have thought Mr. Bateson's essay and his rejoinder worth replying to. Let me assure him again that his reflections have not affected me in any way that could make his apology anything but inappropriate, and that I would much rather not have had to cause the pain and distress of which he complains. But the replies called for by such a demonstration as he has chosen to commit himself to must necessarily strike him as severe. To take it in any way seriously must be to make it an occasion for a reminder of the truths it challenges—truths about the nature of criticism, the state of criticism today, and the relation between that state and the contemporary barrenness in creative literature. It is significant of prevailing conditions that a manifesto on the 'Function of Criticism at the Present Time' printed in one of the few British journals devoted to literary criticism should ignore the most important aspect of the function. It is still more significant that the writer of the manifesto (the Editor-in-chief) should be able, while claiming for the literary critic a special insight into 'contemporary social processes', to associate himself with an attitude that, lightly and ironically, and without paying any attention to the presented evidence, which is conclusive, dismisses the effort to get the present plight of the critical function recognized. Something has always been wrong with criticism, we are told; there is nothing new or peculiarly alarming about the situation today.

A man of Mr. Bateson's age has no excuse for lending himself to this attitude, however it may be with the younger sporters in the Critical Forum. The accelerating processes of civilization have worked so immense a change so rapidly that those who began to take note of the literary world in the 1930's and later are unaware of any other state of affairs than that with which they are familiar;

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for any other observer the changes must be frightening. I have in these pages taken the major *trahison des clercs* of the *Criterion* at the time of the Poetical Renascence as giving us a decisive date. How, there is still (it seems) some point in asking, was it possible to get Mr. Stephen Spender established as a distinguished writer? There is no mystery about the processes by which it was done; the portentous fact is that they met with no resistance (except in *Scrutiny,* against which the institutional and European *Criterion* could be invoked, and was).

They belong, these processes, to the literary world—to the phase of our civilization—that acclaimed Auden a major poet and established him as such, so that for a couple of decades he has been a classic in our schools. It may be said of Auden that he certainly had talent: it was the talent of an undergraduate who, from an English Public School, had passed through an ancient English university, and left it, arrested at the undergraduate stage, unmistakably and essentially a product of 'this American world' and equally unmistakably Public School and Oxford. His career was a portent of our time. We point to a major aspect of the significance when we ask what later talent of that magnitude, so dubious in itself, the system that established him and ensured his permanent immaturity has presented to the world. He remains unique. Mr. Spender and Mr. Day Lewis, on the other hand, have had innumerable successors. The discovered brilliances burst on us every year, established by the unanimities of the *New Statesman,* the Sunday papers and the B.B.C.

I remember reading in *Horizon* as it neared its end some depressed reflections about the state of literature in this country. Something was wrong: why was there no new life? Disillusionment with the Welfare State, and, we might put it, with the practical accompaniments, now that we have them, of the philosophy (so to speak) of the *New Statesman*—that seemed to be the writer's answer. The Labour Government, he complained, had 'done nothing for the writer'. But the B.B.C., the British Council and the related institutions are manifestations of the same modern developments as those which issued in the Welfare State, and the trouble—there would be more point in saying—is that they do too much for the writer. This of course is a complaint that we are unlikely to hear very much of, for the sufficient reason that it is just the beneficiaries who control the effective expression of opinion in our literary world. Why should they feel that 'the writer' suffers any disadvantage by these facilities, publicities and recompenses? 'The writer' clearly doesn't. That *that* kind of writer is *not* the kind on whom the renewal, the continuing life, of literature depends—how, in the nature of things, can we look to *them* for the vigilant service of that truth? There is no need to explain why the system can never favour the recognition of the truly original talent, the creative force. Where serious standards have lapsed, the insignificant (in criticism as well as elsewhere) can enjoy an importance to which otherwise they would aspire

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in vain. And what use can there be in asking them to reflect that such enjoyment, given security, must mean the death of literature?

Further, the bearing on our creative barrenness of the failure of criticism is illuminated by that essay of Arnold's which Mr. Bateson so admires, but of which he seems to have missed the main theme. I will not tell him what that theme is (let him read the essay again), but merely remark that the 'intellectual and spiritual atmosphere', the 'order of ideas', in which the talent finds itself to-day is *not* one that favours maturation and development. The 'atmosphere', the 'order of ideas', may be fairly represented by those British Council 'Surveys', the valuations of which are propagated and enforced by the virtual unanimity of the British Council (financed by the tax-payer), the B.B.C. (an enormously wealthy, influential and powerful public corporation), the weeklies and the Sunday papers—and into this system the universities are being more and more drawn.

That this is fact no one has seriously attempted to deny. It *is* fact; it is new; and it must be appalling to all who really believe that literature matters.

To make a show of energizing on behalf of the function of criticism while ignoring this situation is to be worse than futile.

F. R. LEAVIS.

Sirs,

Mr. Harold Smith's articles on Restoration literature and society have been commented on before in *Scrutiny* from the historical and sociological point of view. I hope nevertheless that you will allow me to comment on his last article both as literary criticism and as cultural history. With Mr. Smith's general attitude to the seventeenth century I am in substantial agreement—it has in the main always been my own—but on points of detail I think that he is misled and misleading.

Taking his points in order, I wish first to comment on his interpretation of Cowley's poetry. His reading of a section of the Pindaric Ode *To the Royal Society* as referring to the Puritan believers in the inner light is an extremely interesting suggestion, but I feel that he should have made it clear that this is only a secondary, though fascinating, complexity in a poem written primarily against out-moded and decaying scholasticism, incidentally the original philosophy of the order of things which Mr. Smith represents Cowley as harking back to. Bacon, for Cowley, may be a champion of monarchy; he is also a liberator from Authority in intellectual matters. On Cowley's *Essays in Verse and Prose* and *Of Solitude* in particular, I feel sure that Mr. Smith is wrong. Cowley was not a Cavalier country gentleman nor a poet of Jonson's social understanding. He does not give us that idealized, though at the same time firmly based, vision of the patriarchal semi-feudal

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community which they present in a series of distinguished poems—Marvell also shows a picture of it in *Upon Appleton House*. Cowley understood the rural scheme of society and was interested in agricultural experiments in an academic sort of way, but he seems to me in the poem Mr. Smith quotes, and throughout, to be the Londoner in retirement in 'a small house and a large garden, with very moderate conveniences', he wants 'a retreat', 'a Sabine field', with 'five hundred pounds a year', he envies 'the men placed in the Country by their Fortune above an High Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace'. In so far as a new professional class was arising Cowley belongs with it. He did not fit into the Restoration world any more than did his wealthier friend Evelyn, but he looks forward in his later work to the scholarly eighteenth century poets, often in orders, who meditated on rural scenes—and also read his poetry.

Mr. Smith's parallel account of English architecture of the period and his analogy between Restoration literature and Italian architecture of the Renaissance can only be called wildly oversimplified even by an amateur. He bases himself on the generalizations which are presumably in place as covering the whole period 1660-1760 in Professor Pevsner's *Outline of European Architecture*. When Mr. Smith applies these to the Restoration alone we get extraordinary results. Wren appears as a Palladian designer of domestic architecture, which is quite inaccurate. Palladio had been a model for Inigo Jones and he was a model for architects in the seventeen-twenties and thirties. This latter period was also the period which saw the beginning of the carefully designed informal English park of Kent and Brown, whereas the gardens round Restoration houses were formal parterres descending from the Jacobean age and modified by French, and later Dutch, influences. Nor had the Elizabethan house 'roamed naturally over the natural grounds'; the great Elizabethan houses often have complicated ground plans but they are strictly symmetrical. Mr. Smith's way of linking up Restoration literature and Restoration architecture would seem to be impossible. The more conventional comparisons between the grand style in poetry and the Baroque of Wren and Vanburgh are far more opposite. Also one might point out that between the age of Wren and the age of the English Palladians came the *Tatler* and *Spectator* and all that they stand for in society and letters.

When Mr. Smith looks back to the origins of Palladian architecture in order to find analogous social conditions he seems equally wide of the mark. He speaks of N. Italy, but ignores Palladio's villas in the Veneto—the famous Villa Capra has, I believe, an interesting lay-out with farm-buildings attached—and jumps to Florence of a century earlier. The garbled version of Medici history, and of their name, need not detain us. But why refer to the Palazzo Rucellai which is the least fortresslike of the early Renaissance palaces, and not a bit like Trinity Library either? In any case fifteenth century Florentine palazzi were not built for defence. One cannot really compare the Florentine merchants and bankers

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who later became European sovereigns with the English territorial nobles, and business men who became territorial nobles, of the second half of the seventeenth century in any precise way; one might make certain interesting comparisons between their standards of domestic convenience. At all events any 'palazzi' put up in England, whether of Renaissance, Baroque or Palladian inspiration, were put up by the rich of Court or City; the first pedimented portico was, I believe, built for Richard Cromwell's Speaker, Chaloner Chute, at the Vyne, Hampshire, a Tudor mansion which he had purchased. Such houses were not built by scholars and dilettantes unless they happened to be rich like the Earl of Burlington himself later on. Mr. Smith's generalizations about social and cultural trends seem very much divorced from realities except at a few obvious points and would seem to have led him into a most embarrassing impasse. He clearly disapproves of Restoration Court society as well as of Puritanism, whatever his claim to be a detached analyst, but after holding up the scholars and dilettantes, whoever they were, as the guardians of culture and reactionaries in a good sense (?) he then has perforce to associate them with Charles II and the Dorsets and Sedleys in contrast to the 'progressive individualists' of the City.

GEOFFREY WALTON.

I have before in these pages explained that Mr. Smith's contributions come from work that there was no chance of getting revised for publication, and that circumstances make it very difficult to submit criticism to him for reply. I took the responsibility of printing his papers, in the conviction that they would well repay critical reading. I am glad that Mr. Walton has given this, and I will only comment on what he says by remarking that his correction of Mr. Smith's architectural history seems to me one thing, his finding that Mr. Smith has been led 'into an embarrassing impasse' quite another. It is a strength, I think, of Mr. Smith's treatment of his themes, to be intent, not on producing a neat pattern of interpretation, but on doing justice to the paradoxical complexity of things, and I bring away from his work much more a sense of such a complexity than of his having been led into an impasse.

F.R.L.

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COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM

SHAKESPEARE by Henri Fluchère. Translated by Guy Hamilton, with a Foreword by T. S. Eliot (*Longmans*, 25/-).

When M. Fluchère's *Shakespeare, Dramaturge Elisabethain* first appeared some five years ago it was notable as perhaps the first comprehensive study to be consciously based on a synthesis of modern critical views. At that time it was coming to be recognized that in the critical writings of the second quarter of the century something like a new approach to Shakespeare's work could be discerned. To-day such recognition is perhaps fairly common, but it still remains true, as Mr. Eliot remarks in his foreword, that no English work has quite the same scope as this. In presenting Shakespeare to his French readers M. Fluchère aimed to set him squarely in his age, to fill in the background of Elizabethan moods and ideas, to describe the context of contemporary dramatic achievement in relation to the conditions and conventions of the Elizabethan theatre, and to insist throughout on the primary importance of the poetry. The English reader has up to the present been left to piece together this information and these ideas from a variety of different sources and to do most of the work for himself.

If, however, the fact that the book was originally intended for a French audience has produced some advantages it has involved also certain drawbacks. I am thinking not so much of the numerous illustrations and comparisons drawn from French classical literature as of the rather impressionistic account of Elizabethan history and thought and its reflection in the drama. In a popular survey covering so much ground there is little time to qualify large generalizations or to exhibit the detailed scholarship which would justify one's statements. In this respect M. Fluchère sometimes appears more vulnerable than he really is because of a rather unfortunate style. What had struck one in the French as somewhat rhetorical and over-heightened comes out in this translation as a hectic colouring which makes it difficult to attend to the real argument:

> 'James I brought in his train a whole galaxy of grimacing demons to drive out the old Elizabethan fairies—the confident certainties, the optimism, ardour and wonder. Now there was no doubt and regret, distress and disillusionment, above all, anxious curiosity, irony, satire and that grinning hyena, cynicism. The joys of discovery were to be disputable and disputed; the paths

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to success, tortuous and perilous; hope, to flutter like a bat; the spirit of adventure, to lose for a time that hardihood, that love of danger, that breakneck air which it had worn in Elizabethan days, that mad temerity of the illustrious sea-dogs.'

or elsewhere, on the Jacobean temper

'Spirit, Matter—the two co-exist and, like the emanation of some subterranean fire which the piling up of lava cannot extinguish, the nostalgic smoke of the inner flame pierces the uneven crust of imperfect resolution. Weariness creeps in, discouragement oppresses those who do not plunge heart and soul into Matter, and who are beset by ingratitude, injustice, treachery, violence and cruelty. The best of characters are weighed down by the consciousness of imperfection, of the impossibility of a perfect world. There are so many pitfalls, such a swarming of vice, a sabbath of witches riding men's foul egotisms, a mad rhythm of passions in pursuit of power and pleasure, ending dizzily with the hero crushed against the wall'.

It would be a pity if passages like this should obscure the more direct and penetrating remarks with which they are often oddly mingled.

The general account of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama has helpful sections on the influence of Seneca and Machiavelli and forms on the whole a useful survey. It seems to owe a good deal to the work of Professor Ellis-Fermor, and its judgments are sometimes more conventional than one would expect; in my opinion Tourneur gets rather less than his due, and Webster rather more, while Middleton is barely mentioned. Ford, surprisingly, is given a whole section—some eight pages—to himself, and on p. 117 we hear of 'Ben Jonson, Webster, Shakespeare, Ford—to mention only the greatest'. For one of 'the greatest' Ben Jonson is here rather neglected—he might at last have had two or three of Ford's pages.

The second and longest part of the book, headed 'Technique', provides a sound introduction to Elizabethan stage conditions and conventions. Here M. Fluchère has made effective use of the work of Granville Barker and Miss Bradbrook, combining it with an understanding of the nature of poetic drama derived from the earlier essays of Mr. Eliot and the work of Dr. Leavis and *Scrutiny* generally. He is admirably insistent that poetic drama is not just drama in verse, and that Shakespeare's greatness is primarily his greatness as a master of language, and the section concludes with a valuable analysis of the development of his verse style. Inevitably this part of the book raises more questions than it can deal with exhaustively, and in particular in the chapter on 'The Characters' there is some tendency to make 'convention' explain rather too much and not to allow sufficiently for different degrees of psychological realism in different particular instances. One is a little uneasy at finding on p. 137 the discussion pass from Lear to Bosola,

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then to Proteus and back to Othello without adequate discrimination. To treat all the characters as real people is not the only way of over-simplifying one's approach.

In the last part of the book M. Fluchère moves on from style to the 'themes' it embodies. Here the influence of Professor Knights and Mr. Traversi combines effectively with original criticism, more especially on the tragedies from *Julius Caesar* to *Antony and Cleopatra*. Perhaps the most illuminating pages are those on *Troilus and Cressida*. The account of *Timon* glosses over the play's difficulties rather too easily, and the ending of *Antony and Cleopatra* is seen in a thoroughly romantic light. On *Measure for Measure* M. Fluchère seems to incline to the view that it touches 'the lowest point of cynicism and disgust' but he feels bound to outline the opposite view of the play as a symbolic Morality. By giving one of the more extreme schematic interpretations, however (based, one gathers on an article by Roy W. Battenhouse in P.M.L.A. for Dec. 1946) he does very much less than justice to the more favourable opinion as it has been stated by half-a-dozen critics from Mr. Wilson Knight's essay onwards: the real case goes by default.

To disagree with M. Fluchère's interpretation of individual plays, however, is of less importance than to commend the general soundness of his critical method. By precept and example he encourages the reader to respond as fully as possible to the dramatic poetry and to seek his larger views of a play in the implications of that response. If this review has stressed points on which the book is open to criticism it is only fair to conclude by saying that it remains a valuable introduction to Shakespeare both for the student and the general reader.

R. G. Cox.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN TEMPEST, by G. Wilson Knight (*Methuen*, 21/-).

This is the third of Mr. Wilson Knight's earlier books on Shakespeare to be re-issued in a revised definitive form. With *The Crown of Life* and a promised study of 'Shakespeare's national statement' they will form a complete sequence of five volumes, the last of which is to include an index to the whole. The chief addition here is a prefatory note of some twenty-four pages including a double-page 'Chart of Shakespeare's Dramatic Universe'. Discussing recent developments in Shakespearian study, Mr. Knight claims that the scholarly interest in the Elizabethan climate of opinion and especially its concern with surviving mediæval conceptions of order and 'degree' not merely followed, but was to some extent a rationalization of, the discovery of 'a new layer of symbolic meaning' by direct interpretation. Elements of the symbolic meaning 'were abstracted by scholarship and equated with mediæval philo-

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sophy; and finally the philosophy . . . is arbitrarily applied to the poetry *from outside* . . .' The claim is over-stated, no doubt, but there is perhaps something in it: between scholarship and the new interpretations there has at least been some interaction, and probably there are underlying causes in the nature of the modern mind determining the new direction of attention on both levels. Mr. Knight is particularly afraid of the substitution of concepts for symbols and of the transformation of poetic experience into didactic argument. Order-symbols, for example, lend themselves to interpretation in terms of moral or political orthodoxy, and the drama can only too easily be reduced to the level of a moral tract. Our only safe course, he concludes, is 'to keep our eyes unwaveringly fixed not on concepts, but on the living symbols, from which any concepts we choose to draw must be regarded as provisional derivatives only'. If 'living symbols' may be taken to mean the experience of the work as we respond to it sensitively and disinterestedly, then the general precept seems admirable and one feels considerable sympathy with Mr. Knight's case against those who present Shakespeare too much as the mouthpiece of Elizabethan moral and political doctrine.

The more fundamental question, however, remains to be asked: is not Mr. Knight's scheme of symbolism itself an abstraction and a falsification? The question is raised by *The Shakespearian Tempest* more acutely than by the two earlier books since it is less concerned to analyse individual plays in detail than to trace the fundamental symbolic opposition of Tempests and Music through the whole of Shakespeare's work, together with certain subsidiary symbols whose 'spatial' relations are plotted on the new chart. This remarkable production represents diagramatically the values, aspirations and symbolic powers—the 'real lines of force' in Shakespeare's work as a whole, and it is 'mapped from a view beyond moral good and evil'. The publishers regard it as summing up Mr. Knight's total work in Shakespearian interpretation and likely to cast light back on his earlier volumes. He himself clearly sees this symbolic scheme as emerging naturally from any disinterested submission to Shakespeare's work. Most readers are likely to find it curiously eccentric, and distorted by personal interests of a semi-mystical or ignostic type. If one finds *The Shakespearian Tempest* much less convincing than the best parts of *The Wheel of Fire* it is not, one must insist, because of the kind of misunderstandings discussed in the original introduction—exclusive concern with plot and character, assumption that sources explain everything, or mere blindness to poetic atmosphere and colouring. It is rather that Mr. Knight himself seems insensitive or indifferent to variations of poetic power and intensity. For most of us, the difference in effectiveness between the tempest symbolism of *Titus Andronicus* and that of *King Lear* or between the music symbolism of the early sonnets and that of the late plays, is such as to make all the difference between conventional triviality and real significance,—to constitute for critical purposes a difference in kind. When Mr. Knight treats them as

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comparable examples of Shakespeare's imagination at work one feels that a very important part of the poetic experience has been left out altogether. Often a greater attention to rhythm would have made the differences obvious. It is true, of course, that Mr. Knight has effectively demonstrated the recurrence of certain groups of associated images throughout Shakespeare's work, but when their relative poetic significance is ignored the fact becomes of more interest to the psychologist than to the literary critic. At most one can say that these recurrences represent successive attempts to embody certain experiences and intuitions but it remains the more poetically compelling examples that count.

At this stage it does not seem necessary to repeat the detailed criticisms made by Miss Bradbrook in her review of the first edition of this book in an early *Scrutiny* (I, 4, 396): I will content myself with two further examples of the absurdities produced by a concentration on parallel imagery to the exclusion of other considerations. At the beginning of the 'Conclusion' we find this:

> 'And, curiously, the process from the tragedies to *Antony and Cleopatra* and the myths is forecast by Bottom's ranting doggerel in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
>
> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison gates;
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.
>
> The sombre plays were plays of tempest and earthquake, and yet their shattering violence itself cleaves that confining pain, breaks it as a shell, bursting the "prison-gates" of mortality to disclose a newer life in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Pericles*. In *Antony and Cleopatra* "Phoebus' car" rises, dispelling the murk of *Macbeth* and the mists of *Lear*, and does indeed mysteriously both "make and mar" the fates, which are, in that vision, by themselves "foolish".'

The second quotation shows how too wide a search for parallels can empty a 'symbol' of all particular significance:

> 'Nor are these Shakespearian symbols unappealing to other poets. Perhaps the finest passage in Bridges' *Testament of Beauty* is the description of the storm. There is the famous storm in *David Copperfield*, and the magnificent tempest-conclusion to *Villette*. One of the noblest visions in our literature is entitled *Wuthering Heights*, and two of our finest lyrics, *Lycidas* and Shelley's *West Wind*, sing respectively the terror and the grandeur of sea or wind. Spenser, Dryden, Byron, Browning—all have tempests. Nor is any boast more proud than that of Englishmen who claim that *Britannia Rules the Waves* . . .'

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On the positive side one must set a number of incidental comments and perceptions which might be useful to a critic—for instance the page or two on the apparitions in *Macbeth*: Mr. Knight is usually better on the greater plays, especially the tragedies. And however unconvincing we find his general system, we are all indebted to him for the genuinely new approach to Shakespeare of his earlier work. At this date it is perhaps only fair to recall the stimulus and pleasure of reading for the first time Shakespeare criticism which attempted really to give full significance to the poetic atmosphere of a play and seemed to come closer than anything in the orthodox tradition to our experience as readers or audience. The extravagances were there from the first, of course, but in *The Wheel of Fire* they seemed less important than the achievement of this new critical approach. Since then the approach has become familiar and the extravagances loom more large, especially as Mr. Knight appears to cling to them as his real contribution. The 'spatial' view of a poetic play, for example, as outlined early in *The Wheel of Fire*, formed a useful supplement and corrective to the consideration of plot and character, but Mr. Knight will have nothing to do with compromise or synthesis: he appears to hold that symbolism cannot be properly grasped or interpreted unless it is considered without regard to context or temporal sequence. It is not likely, therefore, that he will have much time for *Scrutiny's* picking and choosing. It remains a duty to assert, against his confidence in his own notions, that he is an unreliable interpreter because not enough of a critic; and against the ridicule of his detractors, that he has nevertheless made a valuable contribution.

R. G. Cox.

JOYCE - ELIOT - TRADITION

THE ANATHÉMATA, fragments of an attempted writing. By David Jones (Faber and Faber, 25/-).

Here, by 'a London-Welsh Roman Catholic . . . poet of genius' is one of 'the very greatest books of our century',[1] 'a work of art of permanent value' having 'a thrice-distilled quality of finality and impersonality[2], 'fascinating' by its 'magic'[3] and leaving reviewers speechless.[4] Profoundly original—it has been feted in the

[1]Emyr Humphries in the *Radio Times*, May 1st, 1953.
[2]Kathleen Raine in *The New Statesman and Nation*, November 22nd, 1952.
[3]*The Times Literary Supplement*, November 14th, 1952.
[4]Both Miss Raine and Mr. Humphries record the inadequacy of their vocabularies to deal with the new 'work'.

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Third Programme, reaching new levels of magnificence and impressiveness in broadcasting[5]—it is, like its author, 'unclassifiable'.[6] But its author, however gratified by an 'acclaim' fairly represented in these excerpts wouldn't—and doesn't—leave the emphasis on that 'unclassifiable'. To turn to his preface after a preliminary glance at the 'writing' itself is to note with a sense of fitness his pious invocation of Joyce and to find him eminently classifiable: he is aware of belonging to that 'tradition' in English letters which has Joyce for its chief luminary and *The Waste Land*—in its status as an accepted classic—as its show-piece, a tradition which extracts what backing it requires other than that of religious orthodoxy from what might be called a classiose distortion of *Tradition and the Individual Talent*. In that they occasion a number of observations on the concomitants of some kinds of concern with tradition and orthodoxy, and justify a strong suspicion of their prevalence in the literary world, *The Anathémata*, its preface and its reception call for a brief 'placing' reference.

Mr. Eliot's influence—to adapt his own remark—is a different thing from himself. But that this 'difference' admits of no simple definition some of the interrelations between his poetry and his criticism testify: it is not for nothing, for instance—and not without relevance here—that the author of *The Waste Land* gave Joyce his backing—even the Joyce of *Finnegan's Wake*—not for nothing either that what is plainly enough offered by the acclaim sketched above is a new (Roman Catholic) *Waste Land* by a new (London-Welsh) T. S. Eliot. If *The Anathémata*, in the posturings which make its preface read like a caricature of that early essay of Mr. Eliot's, cannot justly be said to 'show his influence', the speed, confidence and lavish ceremonial of its reception invite explanation in terms of the currency of certain attitudes and insistencies sanctioned by his later critical record. Had not his performance in respect of particular authors consistently belied the spirit and promise of those general formulations in *After Strange Gods* to which admiring notice was given in *Scrutiny*—had he not seemed to leave his readers free to infer that in Joyce (say) as much as in any contemporary writer could be witnessed the 'struggle to renew our association with traditional wisdom'—could *The Anathémata*, one asks, have been held up, with such uninhibited assurance, as a 'very English book', 'English' as over against the 'radio-conditioned culture' of America and of England?[2] An inquiry as to how *The Anathémata* came to be singled out and honoured with major status wouldn't, of course, occupy itself primarily with one writer's name and influence; it is in the particular terms of its appraisal—the 'impersonality', closely related to the 'traditional' quality—that Mr. Eliot's prepotence is registered,—there, and in the sense one has, throughout preface, poem and reviews, that what above all guarantees the genuineness of

[5]See the remarks in *The Listener* for May 14th, 1953.
[6]One of the claims made on the wrapper, supported by Mr. Humphries.

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Mr. Jones's tradition is the unmistakable aroma of its 'centrality'. It is a sobering thought that for failure to qualify under that last head the prolonged and disinterested application of however great powers to the 're-establishment of a vital connexion between the individual and the race' appears to be unable to atone.

As for *The Anathemata,* some of the few necessary 'simpler kind of facts' about it can be noted by means of reference to the preface, the astonishing affectations of which not many readers are likely to survive. There is a context of liturgical and ritual religion:

> 'In a sense the fragments that compose this book are about, or around and about, matters of all sorts which, by a kind of quasi-free association, are apt to stir in my mind at any time and as often as not "in the time of the Mass" . . . You can go around the world and back again, in and out the meanders, down the history-paths, survey *religio and superstitio* . . . note Miss Weston's last year's Lutetian trimmings and the Roman laticlave on the deacon's Dalmatian tunic, and a lot besides, during those few seconds taken by the presbyter to move from the Epistle side to the Gospel side . . .'

Mr. Jones's familiarity with 'the history-paths' has provoked the comment that he is 'the only writer to have adopted Joyce's allusive method from the same historical sense as Joyce himself possessed'.[2] It is clear that the pastness and presence of the past are ideas by which he is intrigued, but it is in the nature of his interest in them that he is not averse to employing in his 'poem' a number of tricks of the 'Taffy Merlin' variety (the familiar and the remote yoked violently together by one's quickening apprehension of the contemporaneity of the latter). Equipped with this historical sense Mr. Jones, as a responsible 'artefacturer of *opera*', addresses himself to some of the problems 'inherent in . . . the present culture-situation'. The most pressing of these, for the 'maker of works', is to 'lift up valid signs' In a 'reasonably static culture-phase' this isn't very difficult, but in the nineteen-twenties Mr. Jones and some of his friends were discussing 'something that we christened *The Break*' which 'had reference to something which was affecting the entire world of sacrament and sign':

> 'We did not discover the phenomenon so described; it had been evident . . . for perhaps a century; it is now, I suppose, apparent to most'.

And the 'historic phenomena' associated with this 'lesion of some sort' concern him

> 'only in so far as (their) effects impinge upon, raise problems relative to, inconvenience or impoverish, handicap the free use of, modify the possibilities of, or in any way affect the *materia poetica*'.

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That is a good indication of where Mr. Jones's interest lies: he is exclusively concerned with his 'medium', with words; what he dislikes is 'any lessening of the totality of connotation, any loss of recession and thickness through'. This is merely to say for him what the authors of *Our Exagmination Round his Factification etc.* said for the author of an earlier 'work in progress': he is moved more by words than by anything else. And although the 'sign-maker' is 'inconvenienced' by being 'born into a . . . historic situation' in which signs are 'invalidated', the effect of this inconvenience might be to 'occason in (him) a most unsuspected inventiveness'. Which is Mr. Jones's way of working round to his poem.

The preface has been described as 'a piece of writing on poetry as fine as anything since *Yeats's Autobiographies*'.[2] *The Anathémata* itself is written in a different, though not radically different manner. The interest is the same. Here is Mr. Jones giving us the conscience-engaging craftsmanship of immemorial England:

> 'If he leaves it to us
> We'll fix him dandy.
> But tell him—with respects from me
> tell him—tell the old Jason:
>
> 'As sure as I was articled, had I the job of mortisin' the beams to which was lashed and roved the Fault in all of us, I'ld take m'time and set that aspen transom square to the Rootless Tree
>
> or dash m'buttons!'

Perhaps it was this kind of thing which made Mr. Humphries—who speaks with apostolic authoritativeness—describe the poem as 'daring'; unless he meant spiritual and technical daring together:

> 'How else we?
> or he, himself?
> whose name is called He-with-us
> because he did not abhor the uterus.
> Whereby these uberal forms
> are to us most dear
> and of all hills
> the most august'.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Jones, envisaging Hopkins standing over him ('over so many later artists') as he tackles 'the formal problems of art', doesn't so far mistake his own place in the scheme of things as to suppose that licentiously external 'use' or extensive reminiscence—however conscious—can make his 'orthodoxy' the controlling and intensifying power it is in his co-religionist's poetry—to be hoped in the face of very potent suggestion to the contrary. The technical 'audacities'—they are often vulgarities—and the ostentatious hob-nobbing of erudition with a 'no nonsense' vernacular take themselves—are intended to be taken—for Metaphysical concrete-

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ness (the Metaphysicals also are invoked in the preface) and, as such, for unobtrusive evidence that here is an ordered world of self-evident and unquestioned truths—the world, of course, of Hopkins. But Mr. Jones's assurance is too jaunty to be true, and his audacities are perpetrated in a world made safe by his habit of never becoming personally engaged—a habit which, sanctioned by his own pseudo-classical injunction against 'self-expression', has earned him a reputation for 'impersonality'. And the general depreciation, carried out in the preface, of the part played by the individual talent in the production of works of literary art isn't, in view of what follows, altogether surprising (though the modesty of the author's insistence that the 'mind of Europe' is more important than his own will be found less offensive by some readers than by others).

It may have been recognition that life would have to be injected and pressure kept up from the outside that prompted Mr. Jones to issue emphatic instructions for the speaking of his lines. They are 'meant to be said with deliberation—slowly as opposed to quickly—but 'with deliberation' is the best rubric for each page, each sentence, each word'.This is of course a plea for which there might have been sound reasons—and Mr. Jones possibly knows of a good precedent—but his repeated request for 'due attention' to 'each word' must make anyone outside the B.B.C.'s school of lion-hearted declamation long for an occasional 'throw-away'. For the purposes of golden-voiced elocution the arrangement into prose and verse clusters of the preciosities which are the staple of 'this attempted sort of writing' may have its uses.

It should be added that although Mr. Jones isn't absolutely sure that it's dissolution he wants to be a symptom of, the elucidators will find *The Anathémata* hardly less succulent pasturage than *Finnegans Wake*.

J. C. F. LITTLEWOOD.

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